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"QUEENS OF TRUMPS."

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(The Theatre.)

Charlotte Charke—originally Charlotte Cibber—was the youngest and most petted child of that pompous courtier Colley. A great man was Colley Cibber; one who loved fleshpots passing well and adored the aristocracy; who held his head high amongst his fellows by reason of his talents, and even came to be admitted within the portals of White's club. By what irony of fate was one so punctilious and respectable cursed with such an olive-branch as Charlotte? Indeed, he was not lucky in his children; for his eldest daughter, if proper, was shrewish and evil-tempered, and his son Theophilus a grievous thorn; but it was in the person of Charlotte, the youngest, that the acme of disgrace was reached, for in truth that poor damsel did out-Herod Herod. Poor Charlotte Charke! As I recall your turbulent life, my heart bleeds for you. Pray heaven that in your humble bed you found perfect peace and rest at last!

The first glimpse we have of Charlotte is odd and whimsical—as all about her was odd and whimsical; from the beginning she was quaint and queer—a tomboy—a mischievous, inconsequent, petted monkey. At the age of 4 we find her marching up and down in a dry ditch at Twickenham, with step as solemn as her ponderous papa's, to the admiration of a crowd of yokels; clad in a flapped waistcoat of his, a periwig whose knotted ends trailed on the ground behind, struggling under the weight of a court sword. And here, at the outset, we come upon the key to her strange career, the ruling passion which guided her crooked life; all her tastes and instincts were masculine, her desires and ambitions; but by some freak of nature, instead of a boy she was turned out a girl. As a man she might have done herself credit; as a woman she was a conspicuous failure. Her want of ballast alone prevented her from succeeding in remedying the mistake, as the Chevalier d'Eon did, and Hannah Snell. She seemed to have been more than flighty, not a little mad, but at the same time extremely clever, as many mad people are who are not insane enough to be locked away.

A few weeks later she made her triumphal entry into Twickenham, where Colley's villa was, astride on a young jackass, surrounded by all the ragamuffins in the neighborhood. Years made her worse instead of better, for prudence and she were ever strangers. It was vain to hide her gun, or to lock the stable-door, for the damsel was incorrigibly crooked. Her brain was like quicksilver. None could follow the rush of its activity, or gauge the direction of the next whim. She studied physics; set up as a Lady Bountiful; ordered in a plentiful supply of drugs from the adjacent village, wherewithal to doctor the almshouse women. And in this line she was a prodigious success, for the faith of her patients was strong, and the drugs, by good luck, innocuous. So strong was the belief of the old crones in the fair-haired young Esculapius, that when Colley received the bill, and roared and cursed, and forbade the apothecary to supply her, she made boluses of snails and brown sugar, ointment of chopped herbs and mutton fat, and, strange to say, was no less successful than before.

A certain adventurer of the name of Charke (his name should have been spelt with an S) beheld a comely, unsuspecting girl of fifteen, who was overdeveloped for her years, and beset by vague and unconscious longings. He was not unaware that she was the favorite child of the great Colley, who, amongst other wonderful attributes, was patentee of the grand theatre in Drury Lane, and said to be worth a plum. Now Charke was a musician who gave concerts, for which patronage was needed. The great Colley's influence might be most useful. His exchequer was low, his violin gave forth romantic plaints. Why not, his evil angel whispered, win and wear this unsuspecting blossom—the author of whose being was poet-laureate, and lived in Berkeley Square?

The girl was married after a brief wooing, though of an age to be sent rather to school than to the altar, and had cause too soon to regret her bargain. From morn till eve she was tracing her spouse through the hundreds of Drury, where resided many a wench who was frail as well as fair. Her outraged pride and innocence rose up within her. Scenes of upbraiding and tears were followed by blows. The menage of the Charkes became a public scandal. The too seductive musician, wearied by his wife's chiding, wooed and won another blossom, and took ship with it for the Indies, leaving his better half eplorée and alone to go through the travail of a first confinement.

When she rose from her bed, Charlotte seemed another woman. Saddened, world-worn, steadied, she turned up her sleeves to begin the life-tussle, which is the curse of the human race. She was not one to sit idle with hands before her at the best of times, or to rock a cradle and croon soft ditties. No. She needed hard work to brace up her nerves. Mrs. Oldfield, who was about retiring from the stage, gave her some lessons and spoke highly of her mental parts. Though she staggered and winced under her first great trial, the cloud soon passed from the serene front of Charlotte. It was in mercy not given her to feel anything for long. She plumed her feathers, and, thoughtless wench, was again full of glee. The stage—what fun! Colley,

until he became too grand, had been an actor. Theophilus was an actor; and Theophilus' wife (nee Arne par parenthese) was delighting the town as Belvidera, Juliet, Constance. Why should not Charlotte be an actress and take the town as well?

The debutante appeared as Mademoiselle in *The Provoked Wife*, and was pronounced promising. Then, in company with the awful Quin, played *Cleopatra* (!) the *Distressed Mother*, and a host of tragic characters, without being hissed off, which shows that in the "palmy days" the audience was not so terribly censorious as it is said to have been. Fancy a chit of sixteen being permitted to essay the most ambitious roles even on off-nights, in one of the two patent theatres of the metropolis! Well, she was not hissed off, and having achieved what would now be called a *succes d'estime*, was appointed "chief female understudy" in Colley Cibber's theatre, with the mission of undertaking any part on shortest notice in case of any one of the regular company falling ill. But although no more than an "understudy," our Charlotte declined to be sat upon. She quarrelled with some regal domineering creature, and retired in dudgeon to the new house in the Haymarket, then specially licensed to Mr. Fielding; which gentleman engaged the seceder at a salary of four whole guineas per week. What wealth! Who so joyous now as Charlotte? She bought new smocks for her little girl, paste buckles for herself; and was altogether too jubilant to be in any way affected by the sudden news of her shadowy husband's demise abroad, or by the machinations of her eldest sister, who seemed resolved to play Goneril to her Cordelia. The denizens of the green-room looked at the kitten, surveyed her pranks, and marveled.

But it was written in the book of Fate that no burst of sunshine should warm the heart of Charlotte for more than a few seconds at a time. Troubles arose. The four guineas per week which seemed to be a fortune, were no more than four small gold-pieces after all, and ignorant, reckless Charlotte slid somehow into debt. The influence, too, of sister Goneril was at work, who, in the fine house in Berkeley Square, was whispering that Colley's youngest born was sadly independent for her age, that she would come to no good, that the escentment of the glorious upright patentee and laureate would certainly be smirched some day by the incorrigible reckless tomboy. Triumphant Goneril deftly widened the breach, alienated Colley's affection, and maddened her excitable brack-brained sister into fatal rashness. The foolish girl became disgusted with the stage, threw up her engagement, pawned her credit and her clothes, and set up with the simple pride of a child playing at houses, as a grocer in Long Acre. What a commotion—what a riot! Goneril said: "I told you so!" Colley threw his wig out of the window.

For awhile the young tradeswoman was enchanted, for, by way of frolic, her father's fine friends came to buy. She spoke learnedly of oils, prated of the rise and fall of sugars, pursed her lips about the price of teas; wrote circulars to country chapmen begging for their custom, though all the while there was never more than a gallon or two of oil in the house at most, or more than half a dozen pounds of souchong or bohea. But such intellects as hers move terribly fast—much faster than events—oblivious of rocks or pitfalls. She was a good horse-woman, she affirmed; why not then go her own journeys, do her own canvassing with country traders? Of course, an excellent idea. A saddle-horse was purchased instantly, and a field hired all in a hurry as a dwelling for the beast. When once she was fairly started, how fast would be her clientele, she would be a millionaire in no time. Quick! A heavy pair of scales to weigh the goods, with a beam and bright brass weights. No sooner said than done; the beam was slung; the weights were heaped at the door. Flambeaux and links were part of her stock in-trade; a pile of them lay in a remote corner; sure soon it would be necessary to move to more spacious premises for the accommodation of the cloud of clients who would jostle one another over the threshold. Meanwhile, the smiling tradeswoman curtsied to all comers sold off her oil and tea—and ran round the corner to buy more. Sooty youths gave her patronage in the matter of flambeaux; all the more so, because in the warmth of her heart she was in the habit of dispensing drams of liquor which were equivalent to the value of the links. One evening in the dusk, a certain grumpy youth elected to be amorous, his speech was silver, his action playful. Laughingly she edged him to the street with quip and banter, for it wouldn't do to offend customers, and pushed him out, banged to the door, and fastened it with chain and bolt. Alas! if the stable-door was shut, the mare was stolen; under cover of the darkness and of dallying, other youths had crept in upon their bellies and made havoc of her goods. The bright brass weights were gone, so were the takings from the till, and everything else of value upon which the thieves had been able to lay hand. Charlotte sat down and railed at fate, whilst she hugged her baby to her breast; then rose up and wrote penitently to her papa. But, counseled by Goneril, Colley was adamant to his giddy daughter; she who had whilom been his pet was a prodigal now, for whom there was to be no return. But mere acquaintances—as oftentimes is the case—were more charitable than blood-relatives. Somebody supplied the bankrupt groceress with a few pounds,

which she proceeded to invest in madcap haste, as her way was, in the first speculation that offered. This chanced to be a puppet-show, up two pairs of stairs over a tennis-court in St. James Street. She rigged out her dolls in new and gorgeous raiment, furnished up their noses and splintered cheeks, had new scenery painted regardless of expense; purchased mezzotints of eminent persons, and got the portraits imitated in wood—and then sat down to take the town by storm.

Again the jaded interest of beaux and belles was aroused by the doings of the madcap. Fashion flocked up the two pairs of stairs; pronounced the entertainment vastly genteel; vowed that Colley was a brute for neglecting so talented a creature (Charlotte spoke all the parts behind a screen, just as a Punch-and-Judy man does); came again and again, delighted. All was going well. The horizon looked promising; but the cloud was there, ready to swell into a thunder-storm, though no bigger at present than a hand. Charlotte's creditors, who upon her first failure had been content to look upon the trifle that she owed them as a bad debt, began to open their eyes now that she bade fair to prosper. They pursued her; their emissaries hung about the tennis-court, to the chagrin of many a beau who had on his own account just cause to avoid bumbailiffs. She as well as the audience grew disgusted; and with Charlotte to be disgusted was to throw up the occupation of the moment, and take refuge from annoyance in something novel. She sold the show, which was worth five hundred pounds, for twenty, and disappeared for a time in the unfathomable mazes of low London.

For several years we search for her in vain; and when at length we do discover traces of the prodigal, she is in a worse plight even than before. In the interval we find that she had contracted a mysterious marriage. The second husband, like the first, is dead, and has left her saddled with the burden of his debts. An important change too has taken place in her way of life. Harried, pursued, hunted by a whole pack in full cry, she has abandoned the costume of her sex, and henceforth will wear the trappings of a man. Under the nickname of "Sir Charles" we catch a glimpse of the unhappy woman in a sponging-house, from which she is rescued by a subscription, raised through the compassion of the frail sisterhood of the Piazzas. Pursued again as soon as free, she is protected by a soft-hearted bailiff, who, won by the occult fascination as most people were, changes hats with her—her own silver-laced one being only too well known—in order that she may take refuge in a deserted mansion in Great Queen Street, where she will find her little daughter. The door has scarcely closed upon "Sir Charles," than too much perturbed by sudden frenzy any longer to dread her tormentors, she rushes bareheaded into the road with flying hair and piteous cries for help. What signify bailiffs now? The child is dying—dead perhaps—will no one fetch a leech? The spectacle of this youthful gentleman, a boy almost, in such dire distress over the loss of a little child, moves the sympathies of the mob. They sway to and fro with words of pity, and are hesitating how to act, when one, venerable and kindly visaged, breaks through their ranks and leads the youth indoors. It is not a bailiff; had it been one of the accursed brotherhood the crowd would have killed him on the spot. He communes with the friendless boy, deplores his plight, takes him home to his own house along with the child (who was not dead as it turned out), and nurses the twain into convalescence. Good-natured Mrs. Woffington comes to the assistance of "Sir Charles," as do Garrick, Rich, Lacey, and other histrions. Charlotte is in clover for awhile; safe from duns and debts; well fed, well clothed, well housed; and is content to lie for a month or two in the lap of luxury, without troubling herself as to who is paymaster, or worrying her easy-going mind with the vexations of the future.

But a time comes when the restless devil within goads her once more to action. Though not unacquainted with a professional sponging-house, she declines to sponge upon her benefactor. He took her in during a time of mental trouble; she will ever be grateful for his kindness, but it behooves her to earn her bread by hook or crook. There is nothing for it but to return to the stage. Having fully made up her mind as to this, Charlotte Charke (she never assumed her second husband's name, although her aliases were many and various: sallied forth by owl-light, stealing out of the back garden gate of her friend Mr. Hallam's residence. To return openly to the stage was impossible, as much on account of her angry father's influence as for fear of the army of creditors, who crouched, lance in rest. So night after night she (or rather he) stole with trembling limbs and aching heart to the selfsame familiar tennis-court, where the belles used to applaud the puppet-show, to ask if a character was wanting in one of the plays that were constantly being got up there. For Thalia ruled the roast in that tennis-court on the ground-floor, while the puppet-show engaged the town above; an amateur theatre was often improvised on the level of the pavement, wherein budding Roscuses aired his talents, to his own delight at least. Queer things took place in that theatre, on whose boards incapacity was jostled by conceit; within whose walls impecunious ardor sometimes, and sometimes empty-pated wealth, raved and stormed. Once—in the concluding act of a tragedy—a young hero

beheld a myrmidon of the law awaiting his exit in the slips to march him off to durance vile. The fall from poetic frenzy to such a bathos of commonplace was more than he could bear. Scarce knowing what he did—intent only upon cutting the knot of the situation—he drew a busk from the stays of the heroine who reposed upon his breast, and plunged it into his heart, putting an end by an act of poetic justice to his own useless life, as well as to his abominable stage rant.

About the purlieus of this peculiar abiding-place of the Muses Charlotte elected to hang, in expectation of something turning up which should relieve her from eleemosynary aid. One night there was tribulation there—aye, and gnashing of teeth—since the Captain Plume of the evening had just arrived in his sedan, speechlessly and hopelessly intoxicated. Now Captain Plume, as all the world knows, is the chief part in the favorite play of *The Recruiting Officer*. No more could *The Recruiting Officer* be enacted without Plume than could *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. Where, at the last moment, was a Plume to be found? "A Plume—a Plume—my kingdom for a plume!" A modest youth, slipshod and down at heel, stepped in from the miry courtyard. "If it should please your honors," he said with a graceful bow, "I would play Plume. I know that part as well as most other parts in the accepted repertory, and have with me, by good fortune, a clean shirt and stockings." This was delightful. In a trice the drunken captain was bereft of his stage glory, and the amiable youth implored to be quick in dressing. But the youth had an eye to the main chance. "I care not a fig for your act," he cried, in scorn, with lamentable downrightness. "With me it is a matter of bread and cheese. Pay me a guinea, and I'll act; if you can't, I'll go away." This was pat, and unromantic. So little love for art, and so comely a young man. How sad! Yet there was nothing for it but to pay the guinea. It was paid, and the youth acted—so well that a country manager, who happened to be present, offered him terms at once. "My name's Jockey Adams," he said, "celebrated for my inimitable jockey dance. What's yours? I'm starting a strolling company. If you join, you shall play first parts."

"My name," the youth retorted with a reckless laugh, "is Brown. I'm alone in the world save for a child-sister, and I'm gaping for a crust. I've no clothes but those I wear, and no money. If that suits you, well and good—I'm yours."

And so the bargain was struck. Charlotte and her little daughter went a strolling, thereby escaping the army of bumbailiffs, and in the first town where they elected to set up their tent a strange and wonderful accident befell our heroine. One of the audience, who with a party was honoring the strollers with her presence, fell violently in love at first sight with the leading actor. His form was so elegant, his face so expressive, his demeanor so genteel, that the young lady in question almost had a fit, so deeply wounded was she by one of Cupid's chance arrows. Nothing would suit her but that she must marry him—instantly—immediately—the flame burnt too fiercely for delay—delay meant agony, despair, death! Would the dear youth espouse the maid who loved him? Of course he would, for he of course was a beggar, whilst she (though ugly as sin) was an orphan heiress, who in eight months would be of age, at which period she would come into sole possession of forty thousand pounds in the bank, and effects in the Indies worth twenty thousand more. What a chance for an impecunious gentleman! Poor Charlotte—what a Tantalian cup! There were members of the company who offered to take her place at the altar in the dusk and divide the spoils, but Charlotte was above such tricks. She visited the unfortunate heiress, and told her the plain truth. "I am no young man," she said, "only a poor, forlorn, deserted, neglected, starving girl. My father is the great Cibber, friend of earls and dukes. He reckons not where his daughter rots. I have to live somehow until I'm summoned hence, and to till another mouth besides my own, and God knows that the task is hard." With that the two women (so oddly brought together) mingled their tears and sighs, and parted, never to meet again.

This adventure appears to have affected Charlotte as deeply as anything could affect so smooth a temperament. She railed by fits and starts at the injustice of her fate, vowed vengeance on her father, on her sister, on all the world. Was not this last occurrence too bitter a mockery, one which should lash a person of spirit to some kind of retaliation? She persuaded Jockey Adams to remove to another town—to St. Alban's, hard by the heath; and here, as she brooded over accumulated wrongs, the desired vengeance answered her call, and came. It reached her ears that the obdurate Colley, traveling on business, was to be the following night at St. Alban's, on his way to pay a visit to some aristocratic patron. Charlotte donned boots and vizard, and looming through the mist a horseback in the road, seemed to the terrified aspect of the laureate a robber of Herculean build. She bade his coach stand, whilst he delivered; presented a pistol at his breast; and whilst he grovelled down and cried for mercy, withered his conscience-stricken soul with her upbraiding. With unctuous tears he begged for life, craved pardon for the past, gave up his purse with threescore guineas, his diamond buckles, sumptuous watch and

snuffbox; and then was permitted to depart with gibes and echoing peals of laughter for his cowardice, which cut into his vanity like knives. It was but a poor revenge of Charlotte's after all, although she gained the guineas and the jewelry no doubt; for she fixed firmly in her parent's heart undying hatred, born of recreant shame and craven terror. Hitherto though he had been taught to dislike her, he had taken no steps himself to do the lady injury. His fault had been the negative one of leaving his own flesh and blood unhelped, to sink or swim. But now it was different. She dared to show up her father to public ignominy and derision; to make a laughing-stock of him, to whom the respect of fellow mortals was as victuals—nay, as the very staff of life. Very well! Goneril was right, of course. This reptile, not content with wallowing in slime, and splashing mud on those who could appreciate clean clothing, was prepared to sting too. She must be crushed then, ere time was given to work more serious harm. Oh, indeed! She was prating everywhere, of course, of the manner in which she had dishonored his gray hairs, before his amused body-servants and a pack of tittering post-boys. If only she could be induced again to implore forgiveness. Why not? Left to herself she would sink lower and lower, up to her lips in the quicksand. The time would come, no doubt, when her idolized infant dwindling piecemeal before her eyes, she would be forced to subdue her stubbornness and beg for help. If ever that moment came—and, sooner or later, it should come—Colley promised himself—well, never mind. Independent of his comfortable fortune, Colley hugged himself on the possession of two virtues—he never forgave or ever forgot an insult. He was thoroughly human, was Colley, with no thought of another life.

IN THE PARK WITH A SOUBRETTE.

For several days past, in the studios of the painters, they have talked of nothing but the joke played upon X—, a good fellow and one of themselves. X— had had two pictures accepted by the Salon, and he was so happy over this good fortune that he thought he would go home to his native village and spend a few days. It so happened that when he arrived a troupe of players were there, and that with them there was an exceedingly beautiful and lively soubrette. To see her was to fall in love with her, and X— promptly did both. So far, nothing extraordinary. But X— did not know how to keep his secret, and one day he unbosomed himself to a dear friend—one who, like himself, never told anything to anybody.

"My dear fellow," he said, "only think of it! I'm the happiest man alive."

"Glad of it."

"You know little Clara, the soubrette?"

"Yes."

"Well, for eight days past I've hardly been a moment away from her; and last night, after the theatre, she went with me to the park. The weather was delicious. The moon silvered the leaves of the great trees; and we sat hand in hand by the fountain—all alone with ourselves."

"What time was it?"

"Half-past twelve."

"But at that hour the park is closed."

"There is a place where the wall is in ruins, and we jumped over."

"If the guard had seen you he would have reported you, for it is against the rules to go into the park after twelve o'clock at night."

"Certainly; but he did not see us."

The next day this friend went to his club, and there suggested that there was opportunity for some capital sport with X—.

"Tell him," he said, "when he comes in, that the guard of the park saw him night before last seated by the fountain with Mlle. Clara, the soubrette, and that he has made complaint to the police."

The friend thereupon left, and shortly after X— entered. One of the members took him aside and said:

"They saw you."

"Where?"

"In the park that night."

"Me?"

"Do not attempt to deny it. You were there with Mlle. Clara, the soubrette. You have still time to go to the deputy-mayor and get him to keep back the complaint."

X— ran, but when he got to the office it was with difficulty he could explain to the deputy.

"This is serious," said that official; "but I can do nothing. The complaint would be sent to the mayor. You had better see him without delay."

Before the chief magistrate of the town fresh embarrassment and more prayers for mercy.

"Monsieur," said the mayor, "this is most unfortunate for you, but really I cannot serve you. Doubtless the affair is in the hands of the chief of police."

Again, all nervous and more explanation.

"Well," said the chief of police, "I'm willing to shut my eyes; but I haven't heard anything about it yet. If you can keep the guard from sending an official complaint, all right. Try and fix the affair with him."

X— sees the guard:

"Oh, my brave fellow, I know you'll be generous. I've seen the mayor, the deputy, and the chief of police; and they all agree to shut their eyes if you will keep quiet."

"What?" said the guard, understanding nothing.

"Here, take this; and silence," handing him a twenty franc piece.

"Why do you give me twenty francs?"

"You know. It was me—that night—with the actress."

"You?—actress?—where?—when?"

"Don't I tell you?"

And then poor X— for the fourth time went over his story.

"So," said the guard, "it was you who tramped down those flowers and broke the vases. I am exceedingly glad to know it, and I will go at once to the police."

"What!" said X—, stupefied, "you did not know it before?"

"No. Take back your twenty francs, and thank you, all the same."

Poor X—! He paid for the flowers and the vases, and defrayed the costs. It was put in the papers too; but as for that, he didn't care.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

WHAT THE PLAYER FOLK ARE DOING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Boston.

The Pirates of Penzance, as produced at the Alhambra last week, was applauded by thousands, and this week there is every reason to expect a reception even heartier. The Alhambra seems to have won already a place in the hearts of the amusement-loving public.

The New Evangelical struck a popular chord at the Forest Garden, and bids fair to attract vast audiences during the remainder of the engagement of the talented co. which is employed in the representation.

The Contrabandista entered upon its second week at the Oakland Garden, and, judging from the plaudits which are heard on every hand, its run will be long and prosperous.

Items: Manager Stetson is in New York searching for novelties for the forthcoming season at the Globe, which opens Sept. 6 with My Partner.—The Boylston Museum still holds forth to excellent audiences. This week James Vincent, J. D. Boone, George McHott, and others.—Emerson, Clark and Daly Brothers have gone to Europe.—Charles E. Pidgeon, the Boston correspondent of the New York Mercury, has filed a resume of the dramatic and musical productions of the season of 1879-80. From August 25, 1879, to June 19, 1880, the entertainments given by professionals and amateurs numbered 7,979. Of these 2,177 were dramatic, 360 operative, 550 variety performances, 640 concerts, 178 readings and recitations, 89 illustrated lectures, and 777 miscellaneous entertainments. The nine theatres gave 2,972 of these entertainments. There were 94 concerts and other entertainments given on Sunday. The whole number of pieces presented was 325. Of these 103 were given in Boston for the first time.—Major Pond will announce Earl Marib's Maud as soon as Alfred Collier composes the music, which that gentleman promises to have completed in the Fall. Maud is exceedingly bright and sparkling, and will no doubt prove an instantaneous success.—A very interesting play entitled Our Company, written by Mark Wolf, a young gentleman of this city, will be produced at one of the Boston theatres next season.—J. C. McCollum has been at the Evans House for the past few days.—George Riddle will enter the lecture field next season.—Joseph Bradford (Jay Bee) is engaged with the Maggie Mitchell comb.—Nat Goodwin writes from Paris that he is well and enjoying himself in the "city of the world."—Rose Leighton, formerly of the Colville Folly co., is at present in this city.—Dan Maguire's wife is in town.—Marthide Phillips is at home in Marshfield. T. D. Tooker, editor of the Folio, is passing his vacation in the western part of New York.—Robson and Crane appear at the Globe Theatre Oct. 25. Their repertoire will include Shamus and Flats, A. D. 1900 and I scold Night, in which Robson will play Sir Andrew and Crane Sir Toby.—The season at the Park Theatre will open Aug. 23 with Willie Edouin's Sparks co., which will play one week.—Among the stars and combinations which will appear at this theatre during the season are Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Ada Cavendish, Letta, Maggie Mitchell, Joe Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, E. A. Sothern, Sol Smith Russell, the Union Square co., Gilbert and Sullivan's co., and the Fun on the Bristol Party.—Bernhardt's Boston engagement is for two weeks, commencing Dec. 6.—Anna Warren Story, formerly of the Boston Theatre, will be in Lawrence Barrett's co. next season.—The seats for the opening night at the Museum will be sold by auction. There will be no free list the coming season.

Chicago.

Haverly's: Daly's co. presented Royal Middy another week with pretty good success. This co. is much stronger in comedy than opera, but they give both satisfactorily. John Hart, the negro delineator, as Sambo, brings forth storms of applause, which is deserved. In manifesting the feelings of Don Juanito he exercises his great power of facial expression. May Fielding still succeeds in making the hit, notwithstanding Catherine Lewis' name figures on the programme and bills in the largest-sized type. Miss Lewis is very piquant, vivacious, lively, and is, taken altogether, a very nice actress, but she lacks vocal ability. Alonzo Hatch's effeminate utterances, to a great extent, mar the piece. J. E. Brand improves as Don Juanito with acquaintance. 19th, Daly's double co. in Bronson Howard's Wives, with the following cast:

André, Marquis of Fontenoy, Chas. Leclercq, Seanaville La Mare, guardian of Isaac, bella and Leonora, John Moore, The Viscount Artiste, his brother, E. M. Smith, Horace de Chateaufort, Mr. McDonald, Captain Piermont, George Hicks, Dorval, John Drew, E. Sterling, Jean Jacques, Miss Evesson, Captain Hallander, Mr. Lawrence, Agnes, the simple one, Catherine Lewis, Isabella, the deep one, Ada Rehan, Leonora, the artless one, May Fielding, Lisette, the confidential one, Sarah Lasalle, Gerorgette, quite deaf, May Sylvie.

26th, this theatre will be closed for one week, reopening August 2 with Union Square co.

Hooley's: George Holland's comb. continued another week in Our Gentlemen Friends to falling off business. George Holland, Owen Fawcett, Charles Waverly, Affie Weaver, Mrs. Farren and Cassie Troy represented their several parts satisfactorily. As stated before, there is not much plot to the piece, but there was just enough for the kind of weather we have been having; and it seemed to please the audiences. The feature of the week was the benefit of George Holland 16th. There was only a medium-sized house. The first act of Our Gentlemen Friends was given by the Holland comb. Miss Ada Gray recited "Custer's Last Charge" with effect. John Dillon, assisted by the Holland co., appeared in one of his best farces, To Oblige Benson, and succeeded in being as funny and entertaining as ever. His reception at the hands of the audience was a very flattering one, attesting his great popularity among Chicago theatre-goers. If due and sufficient notice had been given of the fact that Mr. Dillon would appear had been given, Mr. Holland would have had no occasion to demur at the receipts at the box-office. Emilie Gavin, a very tall young lady, read one of the scenes in Taming of the Shrew, and showed decided talent, which was duly appreciated by those present. The entertainment closed by the presentation of the old farce, The Spectre Bridgroom, in which William L. Bowers, a Chicago amateur, took the leading part. It seems Owen Fawcett tried, by the

way of a joke, to palm himself off as the author of this aged farce, giving it the new title of The Wandering Demon of the Grave. It is reported that he, with assistance of other professionals, succeeded in gulling Mr. Bowers into the belief that the farce was the bright inspiration of his fertile brain. Mr. Bowers was grieved through the whole performance by the professionals in the cast, which included George Holland, Owen Fawcett, Charles Waverly, Joseph Holland, Affie Weaver and Nanita Lewis. The afterpiece was much more amusing to the actors than the audience, 19th, house closes for repairs, changes and redecorations.

Olympic: "Hart's (?) Mammoth New York Variety Company" is simply a snap co., including a few good variety people and a great many bad ones and several amateurs. The "fifty beautiful young ladies" appearing on the bills panned out as "twenty-four" very homely specimens of humanity. Mabel Santley, Vic Reynolds, Fannie Prestige and a number of others were advertised to appear, but did not do so. Andy McKay is the reputed proprietor and manager of this bad show with a bogus title, and it does him no credit. The Davenport Brothers were good in their acrobatic act. The Fieldings in their famous sketch, Folly and Fancy, pleased the gallery. Mile. Bianca was grieved off the stage. She has the appearance of a bad amateur. William West tried to dance a descriptive sailor dance, but only succeeded in proving his inexperience in that direction. J. W. Mack and Ada Boshell gave a very neat little act. This team should not train with this crowd. Ada is a very graceful dancer. Mons. Friguet, the juggler, is not deserving of credit for his act. Grace Jones, a bad and awkward amateur, received numerous invitations to retire from the stage before she was through with her performance. Ben Collins, Billy West and Emma Crocker added no credit to the show. 19th, Ed. Arnott, supported by Dickie Langard, E. J. Buckley and Roland Reed, appears in a new piece styled In Trust. Mr. Arnott notifies the public, and play stealers particularly, that In Trust is the property of his wife and is duly copyrighted under another name, and that her rights will be protected to the full extent of the law.

Grand Opera House: Closed.

McVicker's: Closed.

Lycium: Closed for repairs and changes.

Robert Fox, late of Philadelphia, has taken a lease of this house, and intends to run it as a first class variety show. Mr. Fox will open about Sept. 1.

Halsted Street Opera House: John W. Murray opens 19th in Peep o' Day, a piece calculated to touch the hearts of the denizens of Bridgeport and Halsted street.

National: Nellie Johnson and Lewis Warwick in The Octoroon, to pretty fair houses.

Items: Charles Chase is announced as going on the road next month in a new cut-throat, blood-curdling drama entitled Hearts of Gold. The name is rather similar to Edwin Brown's alleged production. H. M. Clark will be the manager, and the piece will be first produced at Grand Haven, Mich., Aug. 30.—Gulick and Blaisdell have secured Marcus Moriarty as leading man and Marion Lester as leading lady for their Nip and Tuck comb., in which Harry Weber figures as star. The regular season of this co. does not commence until Aug. 23, but three nights are announced at Galesburg, Ill., previous to that time.—Miss Ada Gray's manager, Mr. Charles Watkins, has gone to New York to get the nucleus of another "Fifth Avenue" comb.—Randolph Murray and Frank Irving, two very bad actors, are going to relieve Chicago by their absence, and Juliet St. Louis with their presence for a short time, commencing 24th.—Miss Vic Reynolds' season closed 27th at Detroit, Mich., and she will spend her summer vacation in Chicago.—Manager J. M. Hill is around again, having fully recuperated after his sickness.—Ben Cotton, wife and daughter, will appear in True Devotion under management of Chas. Forbes at Olympic Aug. 16.—Those "dropped stars," Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers, are engaged for The Strategists next season, they having become disgusted with trying to go it alone. Miss Nellie Boyd, at present with the Holland comb., is to start out with Robson and Crane next season.—One of D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance eos, passed through here Sunday (18th) on its way to Canada.—Alf. Johnson in Clip the Fireman at the National Theatre next week.—Hop-Scotch is the title of the musical absurdity with Lester and Williams as leading attraction. The comb. will be under management of Gulick and Blaisdell, and they will start out August 30.—Miss Lou Lawrence left for Palace Theatre, Denver, 17th.—Frank Hildreth, Tony Denier's treasurer, was the recipient of a handsome medal, as a token of esteem from his employer, Harry Mann, manager of Herrmann Variety co., has been getting into trouble here, the facts, as stated by Mr. Mann, being as follows: He engaged a Mr. Swanson as agent and assistant treasurer, requiring a deposit of \$100 as security (?) and giving him at same time a mortgage on the baggage. Mr. S. put up \$50 of the required \$100, but failed to come to time with the balance, and even insisted on retaining the mortgage. Mr. Mann declined to return the \$50, and declared it forfeited, etc. Swanson then obtained the arrest of Mann, but afterward concluded to put up the other \$50, and started for Wisconsin at once in advance of co.—Ada Gray is in the city spending her summer vacation.—Dan Fitzpatrick, George A. Fair and Melissa Breslau all go with Gulick and Blaisdell next season.—W. B. Arnold, late of Clifford co., left for New York 11th.—Truedell and Krowan, bone dyestists, left during week for Detroit, under engagement with Ward's minstrels.—D. Dalziel is going to start out next season with a full-fledged burlesque co., of which his wife (Dickie Lingard) will be the principal attraction.—Forepaugh's circus will open up here August 16.—The Criterion Comedy co. opens at Hooley's August 9, in a new comedy by Col. G. A. Price and James B. Runyon of this city, entitled An Hundred Wives.—Samuel Kayser read The Merchant of Venice at Hershe's Music Hall 15th.—J. H. Haverly is expected to return to Chicago 19th.—Catherine Lewis will receive a benefit at Haverly's 23d.—Every theatre in this city, excepting Olympic, will be closed week after next. It is expected that Manager McKicker will take in the shekels at that time.—John Hooley, Jr., and Horace McVicker leave for New York 19th.—Wm. C. Mitchell, formerly of Mitchell & Sprague, was in the city 17th, and left for St. Louis in the evening. Mr. Mitchell now runs a theatre in St. Louis and manages Gill's Goblins.—Giles Shine, Thad Shine, Chas. R. Blake, Mrs. J. R. Healy and Helen Reimer join the Julia Hunt co.—The Kendall comb. includes H. A. Kendall, Julia Kendall, Fannie Summers, Alfa Perry, Marion Holcombe, Sadie Stringham, Mrs. McDermitt, Mrs. Moak, J. Sambrook, C. E. McDermitt, N.

D. Byers, C. Bennett, C. A. Ferguson, W. P. Gimberson, J. D. Harris, Charles E. Warner, W. W. d. Alex. Fisher, J. B. Atwood, J. Otisdane, a strong team numerically if not otherwise. John A. Monk acts as business manager.—Rumor has it that considerable competition exists between managers here as to which should have the honor of introducing Sara Bernhardt in his theatre. One manager is reported to have offered the use of his house for nothing; another it is said offered the use of his house and \$1,000 in addition.—It is probable that Roland Reed will be engaged for leading comedy parts for Dalziel's Burlesque troupe now under organization.—Mr. Dalziel promises a first class troupe, and as his book is not yet finally settled upon he is open to entertain applications for engagements from first-class burlesque talent.

San Francisco.

July 13.—Once more Maguire's face wears a happy expression, for what money he has lost with Neilson during her four weeks' engagement, he more than makes up in this, her supplemental season. But Maguire is not the only smiling party 'round Baldwin's for all the small fry belonging to the house, that have not smiled for weeks past, assume that expression again when pay-day comes round, while Neilson herself smilingly pockets her \$500 a night. Next Sunday she departs for New York, staying long enough in Chicago to dispose of her property there, and then leaving immediately for Albion's fairisle, in company with young Compton, her support.

This is Neilson's last week, and, in order to leave pleasant recollections, she is regaling us with some of her choicest "morceaux de resistance," principal of which I ought to mention Amy Robart, which has drawn full houses ever since put on the stage. The piece was put on the stage in a good manner, but the support Miss Neilson received in that cast was frightful, if we except Lewis Morrison and Lillian Andrews, the latter as Queen Elizabeth. A young man assumed the character of Sir Walter Raleigh, who declaimed his part as a school-boy would recite the story of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," which you may have heard in time of yore. The balance of the cast was not much better with one exception, Elliptical, which character was assumed by John Williams in a manner that showed plainly that the right stuff was in him, albeit a certain weakness of voice, which may wear off as he grows into manhood.

After Neilson comes a week or so of stock plays, and then follows Barry Sullivan in heavy tragedy. Maguire will go East next Sunday to bring his mainstay out here, for fear somebody might capture him on the road;—and right he is in that, for Barry Sullivan's engagement is looked upon by the Baldwin's Theatre creditors as the salvation engagement of the season. Maguire played it pretty smart to get hold of Sullivan, for knowing that he was in the market, he engaged that gentleman's daughter-in-law, Adeline Stanhope, as leading lady for Baldwin's Academy, thus securing the old man, and at the same time getting rid of Miss Jeffreys-Lewis. This latter lady seems to be always in trouble, for hardly has the honeymoon ended than she applies for a divorce from Mr. Maitland, and now she is on the go again, for it is rumored this morning she left this city for New York.

The profession at large in this city are somewhat agitated over the approaching visit of A. M. Palmer, and many are the conjectures regarding it. Some think that he has an eye on the California Theatre, while others see in him already the future ruler at Baldwin's. But time only will tell.

Sam Pierce, who has occupied his time lately in singing the lullaby to the latest addition to his family, emerges from his privacy and will re-enter the temple of fame in Dr. Callahan's new play to be produced at Baldwin's 26th. Sam is ambitious and may yet convince the San Francisco public that he is an actor.

At the Bush Street Theatre Madame Favart has been the attraction for the last week, and continues so this week. It is superbly mounted and well acted, but, excepting Miss Emilie Melville, possesses hardly one member in the cast that can lay claim to any vocal power whatever. Mr. Locke intends to change the personnel at his theatre soon, principal among which I ought to mention the substitution of Helen Dungeon for the Melville.

Harry Peakes, late with the Melville co., intends leaving shortly for the East—when he gets through with his lawsuit against Thomas Derby for several weeks' back salary.

At the Adelphi Theatre the variety co. is doing fair business. The co. is mainly composed of late adherents of the Bella Union Theatre, and numbers among its members Mabel Vaughn, a remarkably handsome song and dance artist, who is attracting more attention than the rest of the co.

At the Bella Union Theatre things, theatrically speaking, have reached their climax, for Sam Tetlow shot his partner, William Skeantlebury, from the effects of which he has since died, and which episode may be the winding up of this once conspicuous variety theatre.

Dave Belasco has in hand a new play, which he will soon produce at Baldwin's, most likely. It treats of Russia and Siberia, and if reports are true, is only a garbled version of The Danischells, as Mr. Belasco, as well as the illustrious (?) Jim Herne, are not particular what plays they produce as their handiwork.

At the Tivoli the new opera by Strauss, Die Fledermaus, is still the main attraction. The conductorship has been offered to Fred Lyster.

Johnson and Cooper's co. closed at the Standard Theatre their season of Sunny South performances, and left for the East this morning, playing on their way. The co. as a whole is good, chief among which ought to be mentioned Mr. Allen, a sterling good actor of the old school. Messrs. Johnson and Cooper ought to retain the services of this gentleman by all means, as he is their mainstay by long odds.

Miss Neilson had quite an adventure the other day. Wishing to be photographed in the character of Amy Robart, she sent word to Mr. Riemann, the photographer on Montgomery street, that she would visit his studio last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, which appointment was faithfully kept by the fair Adelaide, and Mr. Riemann succeeded in getting some exquisite pictures of the famous tragedienne in all imaginary attitudes, some with and some without Mr. Compton. It being late in the afternoon when the sittings were over, she requested the proprietor to send her dress to the theatre in time for the performance, which of course was promised. Yesterday forenoon a note from Miss Neilson was handed Mr. Riemann requesting that the bearer be given her dress, etc., which of course was duly obeyed. Imagine Mr. Riemann's astonishment and chagrin when Miss

Neilson called in the afternoon to look at the proof, and being told of the delivery of her dress, declared such note to be a forgery, as she had sent no messenger whatever. It now transpires that a variety actress, known under the cognomen of Maud Love, being on the eve of departure for Australia, and knowing the circumstances of Miss Neilson's visit to the gallery, bethought her that an excellent opportunity to possess herself of a rich dress presented itself, and took that means to obtain one, in which she admirably succeeded. Mr. Riemann of course reimbursed Miss Neilson for the loss sustained, but the public will never be any the wiser, why Amy Robart last night did not wear her conventional robes of state.

Colorado.

DENVER.

All houses in the city closed except the varieties, which are doing a thriving business with very fair performances. Talmage is booked for Denver on the 20th. W. W. Cole has all the vacant walls covered with paper announcing the advent of his circus and menagerie the 26th. His advertising car is now in town under the direction of Mr. Louis Cook. Fred. Roberts, the business manager of the Academy of Music, is recovering very rapidly, and will appear at a benefit tendered to him on Thursday night.

Connecticut.

BRIDGEPORT.

Messrs. John Near and H. P. Clark, late managers of Hawes' Opera House in this city, whose efficiency and enterprise opened and closed the most prosperous dramatic season ever inaugurated here, will on Aug. 1 become lessees and managers of the New Haven Opera House, one of the most elegantly appointed theatres east of New York. It is the intention of Near & Clark to present to the public a succession of entertainments that will merit the approbation and hearty support of the citizens of New Haven. They have already, we learn, entered into engagements with some of the most prominent dramatic stars in the country. A man by the name of Wagner has opened a summer resort here, called a garden. What the garden consists of would be a hard matter to state, unless a few cobblestones at the base of a consumptive-looking fountain and one or two rose geraniums and a few morning glory vines creeping up white cotton strings can be said to constitute one. For the rest imagination has to be called to one's aid.

HARTFORD.

Both theatres are closed for the Summer, and there are as yet no even rumors of what we shall have the next season. The New National will probably be opened by some comb. for the race week, which is the last in August. Very few professionals are summering here, so that we have a perfect dearth of news, dramatic or otherwise.

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.

Summer Theatre Comique (Jake Budd manager): The only regular place of amusement open in the city. The attractions this week are Saville and Byrne, Lord and Vanier, Fernando Flenny, W. Horton, Sheffield and Slaven, Needham and Kelly, Nellie Blanchett, Bordeaux Sisters. Jake Budd appears in Smoke and A Slippery Day.

Item: Giles Shine and his brother Thaddeus, and Vinnie Shannon, of this city, have been engaged to support Julia A. Hunt during the coming season. The Shines are known among professionals. Miss Shannon has her record to make.

Georgia.

ATLANTA.

Dupree Opera House (W. H. Jones manager): The contractors are busy remodeling house for the coming season. All will be complete by Sept. 10. The season promises to be a very fine one; many of the finest companies on the road are already booked. The new railroad connections will make it far better for companies coming to Atlanta, there being no lost time coming from any point. With the fine prospects for crops and business, the season of 1880 will be good.

Iowa.

DAVENPORT.

Burtis' Opera House: Closed to-day for a grand overhaul. Howard Burtis, the present proprietor, has engaged the most competent architects and artists for the reformation of the entire interior; elegant opera chairs will take the place of the old seats. The whole interior will be refrescoed, and an arrangement has been made for new scenery and drop curtains. It will be fire-proof in every respect. The cost of repairing is estimated at \$8,000. It will be completed by Sept. 1, and we flatter ourselves that it will be the neatest opera house in the West. Hereafter it will be known as the Davenport Opera House, under the personal supervision of Howard Burtis. It is the proprietor's intention to give Davenport plenty of first-class entertainments; negotiations are now pending for the same.

DEQUE.

P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth showed 15th to two large audiences. The menagerie is very good and has a number of rare collections seldom seen with other shows. The circus performance could be somewhat improved. Mr. Bonnell's Concert and Side-Show is a grand success.

BURLINGTON.

13th, Tony Pastor's new co. to a \$350 house and an awful hot night. Everybody went home pleased, and well they should be, as the co. is an excellent one. Coming: E. Bageard of St. Louis, with English Opera co., the last of July.

DEORAH.

Steyer's Opera House: Kendall's Comb. and Opera co., 12th, 13th, and 14th, matinee on the 14th. Troupe accompanied by band and orchestra. Good satisfaction given to fair audiences. Nothing booked.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

P. T. Barnum's Great Show will be here 17th. Nothing else booked, although it is rumored that another circus will be here soon.

INDIANA.

RICHMOND.

James H. Dobbins represented this place at the Bill-Potters' Convention at Chicago last week. The Liederkreis are in rehearsal of Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Mr. A. H. Morehead, the director, has made arrangements with Miss Anna B. Norton, the distinguished soprano who figured so prominently at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, to assist in its production. Bartine's Circus came to grief the 12th, and are summering at Portland, Md., his principal performers having left him on not receiving their salary. J. H. Dobbins, who has been acting as general manager, claiming \$180 salary due him, seized the advertising wagon, drove it to this city

and placed it under attachment. Mr. Bartine immediately had Dobbins arrested for grand larceny, which resulted in his acquittal.

TERRE HAUTE.

The following are some of the engagements closed for the Opera House: N. D. Roberts' Humpty Dumpty, Joseph K. Emmet, Child of State comb., Mackay's Our Flirtation co., Collier's Banker's Daughter, Mitchell's Pleasure Party, Conley Barton co., Leavitt Specialty co., Milton Nobles, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Rice's New Evangelical, Herne's Hearts of Oak, Baker and Farren, Pirates of Penzance, Rentz-Santley Minstrels, Mr. and Mrs. Chanfran, J. W. Shannon's Golden Game co., Jarrett and Rice's Fun on the Bristol, Lotta, Fanny Davenport, Robson and Crane, Aldrich and Parsloe's My Partner, Buffalo Bill comb., Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, Maggie Mitchell, Abbott Opera co., Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty and Joseph Jefferson.

KOKOMO.

Opera House: Nothing at all at present in the amusement line, and has not been for several weeks past. Manager McNeil is having a new stage floor put in, and the dressing rooms, etc., recarpeted and refurnished. A large number of first class combs, and stars are booking for the coming season. The Townsend Family (Shakespearean) will hold the boards during fair week, in September.

ILLINOIS.

ALTON.

O'Neil's Minstrels showed here 15th, and despite the extreme heat had a splendid house. They give a very good show, their jokes, sketches, etc., being original, something rare in minstrels nowadays. Lyons and Kelly were very good. M. Durkin carried off the honors; his quaint style stamps him as an artist. Nothing booked except Tony Pastor, Sept. 1, and Sells Bros., 19th.

ROCKFORD.

The Annual Encampment of Third Regiment, I. N. G., will be held here Aug. 24 to 27, making it a good week for parties to fill dates, as large crowds of people are always in attendance. Already the Harry Weber Nip and Tuck party are booked for Aug. 24 and 25, and Blaisdell and Gulick's Hop-Scotch party for Aug. 26, 27 and 28, with a probability of one or two circuses. Nothing booked for balance of July.

BLOOMINGTON.

Tilletson and Fell, managers of the Opera House, have given several concerts in the past month in the neighboring cities, with little in the leading role, to paying business, and have a route billed through Illinois and Indiana for one week, commencing 26th.

Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE.

Knickerbocker: A very fine show was given at this popular resort during the past week. In fact, this house is the only one open in the city, consequently a large business has been done. The following were the new features during the week: O'Brien Bros., Bessie Bell, Connors and Cameron, Addie O'Brien, Maud Leigh, Hawkins and Kelly, Lord and Herman, Mason and Wesley were billed, but the first named failed to show up. Mr. Wesley introduced his ten-year-old son, who made the hit of the week. New comers opening 19th: Sheridan Bros., Jessie Adams, Sig. Blitz, the Seasons, Charles and Gertie, William Dugan, Joyce Martell, the Mortons, Frank and Ella. Retained: Lord and Herman.

Items: Macaulay's Theatre will be sold at auction the 26th, instead of 19th, as advertised.—James B. Camp, a well-known Louisville young man, goes with Barney Macaulay next season.—Everything closed here but "Knickerbocker."—News scarce in the dramatic line.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.

Everything dramatic is in statu quo. The theatres are all closed, and nothing definite yet as regards next season.

Maine.

PORTLAND.

Portland Theatre: 15th, the New Orleans Minstrels gave a very good show to a fair-sized and appreciative audience.

Items: Manager Curtis (late of Portland Theatre) has leased Music Hall for a term of years, and the work of reconstruction is going rapidly on. One would hardly know the old theatre which was for so many years the only one in Portland. The interior is to be entirely remodelled, a balcony circle is to take the place of the old side gallery, and folding chairs that of the old benches. The means of entrance and exit are to be enlarged and improved, making it altogether one of the safest and best theatres in New England.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.

The Willow Park: An excellent variety co., under the management of William Harris, lessee of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, gave performances the past week. A good show was given, but business was poor—so bad in fact that Mr. Goodell, the manager, gave Mr. Harris all the receipts of the week but 50 per cent. Even then Mr. Harris must have lost money. The Big Four (Smith, Waldron, Martin and Morton), Master Barney and Fred Carroll were in the party. For the present week, W. H. White-neck brings the Little Corinne Opera co., and I believe he also is to get the total receipts for his share.

Items: Frank Wright, director of amusements at the Willows, is on a brief visit to New York.—George V. Butterfield, who for several weeks past has been press-agent at the Willows, has left his position and the city.—The American Club, composed mostly of theatrical people, will picnic at Lowell Island, near Salem, on the 23d.—C. H. Webber's play, The Secrets of the Service, will be given for a week in Worcester this Fall. In view of the success Mr. Webber has met with in his plays and acting, I should not be surprised to see him give up editorial work for the stage profession.—Addie Hill of this city goes to Worcester to take the principal part in Webber's play.

FITCHBURG.

12th, the Great London Show gave two performances to large audiences, and gave general satisfaction. Nothing booked.

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House and Smith's closed. Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage was billed to lecture at Powers' on the evening of the 17th, but cancelled his date on account of the exceedingly hot weather. A very wise conclusion, as the prospects for a good house were not at all flattering. Tony Pastor is heavily billed for the 20th. He will be

greeted by a full house. Goodwin and Moore's Minstrels is the title of a new co. recently organized in this city. They took the road July 13, their first stand being at Ionia. Forepaugh is billed for 26th.

KALAMAZOO.
After considerable changing of dates, Forepaugh's Circus has billed the city for the 27th.

Item: Six months ago the circulation of the D—N was the largest of any dramatic paper sold in this city. To-day only one copy is sold. More New York Mirrors are sold here to-day than the combined circulation of all other so-called "Dramatic Journals."

MUSKOGON.
Opera House: Tony Pastor's comb. 19th. Manager Fred Reynolds left for New York 12th.

Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.
Opera House: 8th, an entertainment was given by Dan and Josie Morris Sullivan in their sketches of A Tour through Ireland, under the auspices of the police force of the city, for the benefit of one of its members rendered helpless through an accident. The house was filled. The amount realized and handed to the officer was \$1,057. No bookings at present, and the house will remain closed for a short time.

Circuses: P. T. Barnum's Only Great Show pitched its mammoth tents on the 9th, and the vast crowds that attended the performances fully testify to the popularity of the management in getting up the biggest show traveling. The menagerie and museum are very fine collections, and the scenic performances exceedingly good and highly commendable. Mrs. Dockrill fully sustains her reputation as the greatest horsewoman of the day. The mammoth circus tent is certainly the largest and most comfortable that has ever been pitched in this city by any company, and was crowded at each performance. The gentlemanly agent D. S. Thomas represented the management in doing the honors to the Press of the city, treating them most courteously, your correspondent included. It is very likely that two more circuses will visit us this season, as the three that have already visited us have done an immense business, and St. Paul is noted for its liberality toward showmen.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.
Uhlig's Cave: The Miles Juveniles gave Pinafore for their second week's attraction, and it was a very clever performance. The drawing force of Sullivan and Gilbert's operetta is something which puts all precedents at naught. It has certainly drawn the best business of the season to this resort. The Messrs. Cohen (Fannie and Sallie) again gave decisive evidence of their wonderful histrionic and vocal ability in the roles of Ralph and Josephine. Fannie Tilton was a pretty and vivacious Buttercup, and Fannie Brough did Sir Joseph with precocious dignity. Little Josie Gamel, the merest speck of humanity, did Hebe with all the grace and self-possession of an experienced actress, creating much amusement. Master R. N. Fox did Deadeye conscientiously, but suffered in comparison with Arthur Dunn of the Haverly troupe. Master L. Sloman gave a bright, crisp rendition of the Boatwain, and his solo was so finely given that it was warmly encored. A. Waldauer conducted the orchestra most capably. The execution of the chorus reflects great credit not only upon the intelligence of the children, but also upon the efficient work done by Ada Dow in directing and drilling them. The scenic setting and costuming were appropriate. On Saturday evening the youngsters appear in The Bells of Corneville, which bill will also be repeated on Sunday night.

Pickwick Theatre: The return to St. Louis of the co. which originally opened this house, after a season of varied success in Chicago and the Northwest, was marked by a benefit performance given on the 12th, at which Jiroff-Giroff was given with the original cast, with the exception of Mr. Luard's taking M. Nathal's part of Mourzouk, and Esther DuBois the part of Pedro, formerly assumed by Agnes Storrs-Vedder. The house was fairly only. The opera was repeated Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evening to fair attendance. On Thursday the St. Louis Orchestra gave a concert to a very fine house. This will be repeated on Saturday night. Fatinitza by the regular company is underlined.

Notes and Gossip: Richard Halley, known by his friends as Dick, Mr. Noxon's partner in the scenic business for the Grand Opera House and Olympic Theatre, was heartily greeted by his myriad of friends, and he looks fine as a fiddle after his jaunt across the "big drink." He reports the American boom in London booming.—Mr. Louis Mayer, not discouraged by the failure of Hans Rakata to organize and obtain appreciation for a grand orchestra in St. Louis, is getting a splendid force of musicians about him under the caption of "St. Louis Grand Orchestra." No one in St. Louis is better adapted to the work than Mr. Mayer, and his prospects for a success are exceedingly encouraging.—Charlotte Hutchings, a very fine contralto and a sparkling and dashing actress, sings solos at the orchestral concerts at the Pickwick Theatre; her ballad singing never fails to create the warmest enthusiasm.—19th, "America's Mimics," with Charles S. Rogers and Mattie Vickers as the leading attractions, will commence a season at Uhlig's Cave. They will be succeeded by Abbey's Spanish Students. If the weather continues clear and hot they will do an immense business.—The French Fete at Koerner's Garden on the evening of the 14th was such a magnificent success that Schneider's Garden will be secured next year. The annual celebration has become a f. f.—A physical fact—for the future—M. Louis Nathal is announced to take a benefit at the Thalia Theatre on Saturday evening. The Bells of Corneville will be given.—Mrs. Metlar Howard's benefit at the Pickwick Theatre on the 9th was not a great success financially, although a clever performance of Pinafore was given, with Mrs. Howard, Frank Howard and Henri Laurent in the cast. Little Tillie Chambers, one of the smartest youngsters who ever appeared on the St. Louis boards, made a sensation as Buttercup.—George McManus, who acts as change-catcher at the Opera House, has got his camera obscure in operation and will open at the corner of Eleventh street and Washington avenue, where the "Siege of Paris" building recently stood. He gave a reception to the newspaper men this afternoon. The apparatus cost \$1,200 and is a very fine one. It is placed in a cylindrical building which will accommodate forty persons.—The St. Louis Orchestra gives regular concerts on Tuesday and Friday evenings at Schneider's Garden. The opening of Pope's Theatre will take place in the last of August.—The buildings on the Lindell Park, an old pleasure-ground of this city, are being removed preparatory

to streets being cut through the park. Mr. Louis Witzig, of the Globe-Democrat, worked up the French celebration in the newspapers. His success demonstrates the wisdom in getting practical paper men to attend to such work.

New York.

BUFFALO.
We have had nothing in the way of amusements at the last week, except a promenade concert at the Armory, given by local talent, assisted by Alfred Pease, for the benefit of the General Hospital. The affair was a delightfully brilliant one, and a good sum must have been realized. Mons. Florestan of Paris, France, gave dramatic readings to a rather small but enthusiastic and cultured audience, at Goodell Hall, Monday evening. Mons. Florestan deserved a much larger house than that which greeted him, but the weather is too awfully awful for indoor amusements. Nothing announced for this week.

ALBANY.

All the places of amusement are closed here. Fred A. DuBois, treasurer of the Leland, is up on the St. Lawrence fishing with a party of Albany gentlemen. The Flock of Geese co. will open the preliminary Fall season at the Leland. It is reported that William H. Paddock of this city, who aspires to be both an amateur female impersonator and an author, is engaged writing a new play, which is shortly to be produced here. O ye gods! what are our crimes that we should suffer thus!

UTICA.

Opera House (John Abercrombie manager): Everything in shape here for next season's business. Tony Pastor and his No. 1 co. again face a post-up Utica audience on the 12th of August, and he may be sure of a big house, as usual.

City Opera House (P. J. McQuade manager): Everything connected with this house getting rusty for want of use, and nothing booked ahead.

Item: "The Great London Circus" comes August 11.

SYRACUSE.

The Syracuse Liederkreis will hold a musical convention on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Organizations from many portions of the State will attend. Of course Wieting Opera House will be crowded. The Grand Opera House is closed. James N. Long, who was with The Pirates co., "C." last season, is considering an offer from Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West for the ensuing season.

New Jersey.

NEWARK.
The premises formerly known as Park Hall will, by Oct. 1, be recognized as the Park Theatre. The transfer of the property took place July 1, and its management as a first-class dramatic house will be under the direct control of Mr. Leonard Gray, the former efficient director of the Grand Opera House of this city. The necessary alterations are in the hands of competent architects, etc., from New York, and it is as there is good reason to believe, all promises are fulfilled, Newark will have good cause to congratulate itself on its new theatrical acquisition. The new house will have a seating capacity of 1,092 exclusive of private boxes—four in number—divided into parquette, orchestra circle, balcony and family circles. The proscenium is arranged somewhat after the manner of the Bijou Opera House and the Madison Square Theatre, the private boxes not forming a part of it, but being placed in the auditorium proper. The theatre will be replete with all conveniences for the public in the front, while the profession will find dressing-rooms, etc., fitted up with every regard to comfort. The situation of the building is excellent, being within a few minutes' walk of the principal hotels and railway stations, while all important horse-car lines pass within a few feet of the door; so that, with the admirable management that Mr. Gray's name would justify one in expecting, there is every prospect of success attending the enterprise. The opening attraction will be some well-known star, and the event, if everything goes well, will occur on or about Oct. 1, and will be hailed with the utmost satisfaction by the theatrically inclined of our city.—Waldmann's Mulberry Street Theatre closed for the summer season.

TRENTON.
Taylor Opera House (John Taylor manager): This house has been closed for repairs and alterations. It will open again on August 27, when the original Big Four Minstrels appear. Mr. Taylor is now negotiating with some first class attractions for an early appearance at this favorite place of amusement.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.
Highland House: Collins & Short's English Comic Opera troupe, in Bells of Corneville, close their engagement on the 19th. I regret to say that, from a financial point of view, the enterprise has not materialized successfully.—The Abbey & Hickey Spanish Students are announced to follow in a two weeks' engagement. The troupe has been very extensively advertised, and will in all probability draw well.

The People's Theatre: This house closed its doors during the week, the ghost failing to walk, but reopened on the 17th under a new management, and with reduced tariff.

Items: The remodeling of Heck's and the Coliseum is being pushed to completion.—Bob Miles returned from New York City on the 17th.—The Vine Street Opera House will reopen August 21.—The Collins Brothers (Lew and Frank, a pair of shining lights of the variety stage, dissolved partnership the past week.—Barney Macaulay passed through the city on the 17th, en route from Louisville to New York.—Alice Oates is in the city, in attendance upon her sister, Miss Merritt, who is reported seriously ill.—The Coliseum will throw open wide its doors on or about August 30. Business Manager Edwards announces an excellent stock co. for the season. It is to be hoped the promise will be fulfilled, as the Coliseum stock for two seasons past has been decidedly inferior.—Robert McWade in Rip Van Winkle opens at this theatre during the Exposition.—Harry Richmond (Our Candidate was in the city the past week.—Frank M. Clark takes a company after the style of the Tourists to Eaton, Ohio, this week.—Robert Bonner, a well-known local tenor, is now occupying the position of night-clerk at the Henne House in this city.—Gus Williams and co. follow Tony Pastor's comb., at Heck's, opening August 29.—Manager Buchanan of the Coliseum, returned from the East on the 16th.—Rumors are prevalent that a prominent brewer intends erecting a theatre on Vine street, adjoining Heck's.—The local scribes persist in remarking that fame and fortune await someone who will open up Schenck's with a good variety troupe, but up to date none seem anxious to jump into the gulf.—

Dramatic items are just at present few and far between. Our local news-dealers, without exception, report their sales of The Mirror far in excess of the "Nuisance."

COLUMBUS.

The Soldiers and Sailors' Reunion, August 9 to 12, will open amusements in this city with a probability of Little Rosebud comb., at Comstock's, and Banker's Daughter at the Grand.

Comstock's Opera House presents a busy scene at the present time. The scaffolding is up and a thorough renovating is going on. The walls will be newly frescoed, but the greatest improvement will be on the stage. The management has engaged Christian Jensen to paint a large amount of new scenery, and it will take him three or four months to complete his contract. The furnishing of the stage will be completely overhauled. The house will be ready for the engagement during the Reunion in August, and the stage work will not interfere with engagements after that. To demonstrate the inefficiency of the D—N scribbler, he has already announced that neither house would make any improvements this season.

The Grand announces the following for the coming season: Maggie Mitchell, Mr. Boucicault, Mary Anderson, Mrs. Scott Siddons, Joe Emmet, Joe Jefferson, John McCullough, Sol Smith Russell, O. D. Byron, The Strategists, The Tide Club, The Comley-Barton co., Robson and Crane, Baker and Farron, F. F. Mackey and Louise Sylvester, The Banker's Daughter comb., The Child of State co., The Hearts of Oak co., The Golden Gate co., The Emma Abbott Opera co., the Hess and Strakosch co., and the Pirates of Penzance co. Curt's Spanish Students were here week before last, playing at Comstock's and a local beer garden, giving general satisfaction. They return for the Reunion. The Mirror's gentlemanly correspondent, F. L. Stacey, from Cleveland, is enjoying his summer vacation in this city.

DAYTON.

Memorial Pavilion (Soldiers' Home): The stock co. repeated their performance of Two Orphans on the 10th with increased success. The house was jammed, and the characters well taken by members of the co., and those who failed to witness the performance missed a treat. They gave Moll Pitcher, or The Fortune Teller, on the 12th, and Our Boys 14th to crowded houses; 15th, they gave Cynthia, or The Flowers of the Forest, with the full strength of the co.

Items: Burton Adams speaks highly of THE MIRROR, and wishes to be remembered.—We return thanks to Maj. H. J. Chapman of the Amusement Committee for courtesies extended.—The Varieties of Reed Bros. have been poorly attended on account of the hot weather.—THE MIRROR can always be had of De Wolf & Bro., newsdealers, every Friday evening.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House: Closed.
Academy of Music: Closed.
Theatre Comique: The usual variety performance will be given this week. Business fair at Hailnorth's Garden. The tri-weekly concerts are deservedly popular, and a very fair attendance is still the rule.

Items: The local representatives of the Clipper and D—N are rusticated for a week at Bass Lake.—The Opera House will be repainted inside and otherwise improved this Summer.—Forepaugh's and the London Circus are slowly advancing this way.—The advance agent of the German Military Band was in town last week.

AKRON.

Nothing stirring in dramatic circles. Tony Pastor is booked for August 18.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.
Permanent Exhibition: The Children's Fatinitza Troupe drew such excellent audiences last week that they have been re-engaged to appear 21st and 24th.

Manucher: A select programme is offered for the present week, which will certainly fill this beautiful garden nightly.

Alhambra: Walter Phoenix, Frank and Clara Mara, Maas and Drew, and Carrie Herbert.

Items: On dit, that Charles R. Thorne, Jr., is negotiating for the South Broad Street Theatre.—William Gallagher has leased the Grand Central and W. J. Gilmore remains a manager. The theatre is to be entirely repainted and is to have a new stage with entire new scenery. A. F. Stedwell, who claims to be a partner of W. J. Gilmore under his three years' lease of this theatre (which has not yet expired), has expressed his intention of remaining in the theatre, and asserting his rights, notwithstanding the desire to oust him. Trouble and lawsuits can therefore be expected on August 28, when this theatre reopens under its new management.—Mr. Betz, the great brewer of this city, has purchased the Germania Hall, on Callowhill street, and is turning it into a grand music hall.—Miss Reno Stedman (wife of John Keating, of Keating and Sands, the musical team), who was performing at the Alhambra last week, died very suddenly on last Friday in this city.—The Chestnut opens on August 30 with Our Goblins.—The Walnut is undergoing thorough repairs. It will have a new stage and scenery.—Park reopens August 23 with C. L. Graves' Four Seasons c. mb.

WILLIAMSPORT.

Coup's Circus gave two entertainments 16th to big business, and everybody seemed delighted with the performance. The softness of the ground, owing to the frequent rains during the day, interfered somewhat with the performance in the ring, but Mr. Coup's manager gave the audience value received for their money.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House: Closed. Library Hall: The benefit tendered Chas. La Forrest 16th, was but poorly attended, a fact to be much deplored, as Mr. La Forrest is in every way worthy of charitable aid. The experiment should be tried later in the season. Williams' Academy: Closed. Trimble's Standard: Closed.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.
Opera House (George Hackett manager): Closed for the Summer season.

Low's Opera House (William H. Low, Jr., manager): Closed and undergoing alterations.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins & Morrow managers): No show there this week. The regular season will commence Sept. 1.

Park Garden: The changes made in the libretto of The Ambassador's Daughter, by Mr. Charles Drew, have greatly improved it. The introduction of Chinese imitations and of other nations by Richard Gorman adds a very pleasant feature to a very pretty opera and calls forth great applause. The present week is announced as the last one of The

Ambassador's Daughter, and although I have received no official information as to what will take its place, Managers Shirley and Reeves are sure of providing the best attractions for their patrons. The Siege of Paris has been open for exhibition some two weeks and is very interesting. Professor Eggert still continues with his illusions, and Prof. Ross makes a fine exhibition of his troupe of trained dogs. For the week commencing Aug. 2 Mr. Fred Englehart has made arrangements for a pedestrian tournament.

Sans Souci Garden (William E. White manager): Fatinitza still continues to crowd the pavilion, and is wonderful in the hold it has taken upon the people. Henry Molten, Miss Gunther and Miss Vars carry the honors, while all the others do well.

Rocky Point Coliseum (George Hackett manager): Fatinitza by the Hub Opera co., consisting of Lizzie Burton, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, G. Hammerlee, Dan Magninnes, J. A. Conly, W. W. Tuttle, J. J. Perkins, J. W. Byrne and others, will be the attraction the present week at the Coliseum. Capt. Paul Boyton will give exhibitions in his life saving suit still later in the season. Ocean Bros. and Co.'s Grand Royal Spanish Circus will appear for two weeks. Manager Hackett is untiring in his efforts to provide good entertainment for his visitors, and the large number that visit the place are sure of good enjoyment.

Items: Any Gordon of Gull's Goblins was in town last week. She was at Park Garden in company with George O. Willard of the Evening Press.—It is said Anna Gunther, now of the Sans Souci co., will join the Comley and Barton Lawn-Tennis comb. in the Fall.—Also that May Alice Vars of the Sans Souci co. is engaged with the Blanche Roosevelt Opera co. to appear at the Union Square Theatre in New York in September.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House: D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance co. gave a delightful performance for four nights and matinee, to good houses considering the very warm weather. The opera is just light enough for the balmy Summer evenings at this city by the lake. The co. is an excellent one. Maj. Gen. Stanley and his bevy of beautiful daughters quite captured the audience. Mr. Gillow as the General was very good; his songs well rendered. Minnie Walsh as Mabel did some sweet singing. The "Trio," Misses Chappelle, Mitchell and Perry, caught the smiles by their assumed hilarity and piquant manners. Louis Pfau as Frederick was splendid. We have measured his abilities before, and think he improves. The "bobbies" were a pleasing feature, and under Harry Standish's direction created great amusement. W. Marks as the Pirate Chief was fair, but not powerful enough for that character. The whole opera was conducted in a very creditable manner by Mr. Fred Intropoli, and at once caught popular favor. They go to Toronto and there close the season.

Items: Jake Litt claims that the manager of the Opera House at Portage, Wis., is under agreement with him to play attractions there on the Wisconsin Circuit, and that he has a written statement to that effect, and expects him to carry it out. If not, Litt says he will resort to law. I trust the matter may be amicably settled.—J. D. Ward's Minstrels 19th, 20th.

RACINE.

The Opera House closed its most successful season 13th, with the performance of D'Oyly Carte's Opera co. C., in the Pirates of Penzance. The co. is evenly balanced, and, possessing fresh and well-trained voices, presented the opera in a pleasing manner. Amateurs threaten to repeat, for reasons unknown. Inter-Ocean Circus 23d.

MADISON.

Lawrence Barrett is booked for State Fair week in September. Joseph Spriggs, Barnum's boss canvas-man, who was taken sick when the show was here, died on the 10th. He was well taken care of during his last hours.

Canada.

TORONTO.
Horticultural Gardens: Abbey and Hickey's Spanish Students made their first appearance in this city, under Mr. Pitou's management, 13th and balance of week. Business was very fair considering the heat. 19th and during week, D'Oyly Carte's Opera co. in The Pirates of Penzance.

HAMILTON.

Dundurn Park: The Dime Entertainment co. played Buffalo Bill to a fair audience. Mechanics' Hall: The following are already booked for next season: Lotta, Emma Abbott, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Den Thompson, The Strategists, Fun on the Bristol, Joe Murphy, Hermann, Alice Oates, Minnie Palmer, John A. Stevens, Willie Edouin's Sparks, Chapman Sisters, and Golden Game.

Item: The sale of The Mirror is increasing.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.
The Amateur Dramatic Club of H. M. S. Northampton performed The Gipsy Farmer and the farce Dandelion's Dodge at the Academy of Music on the 14th inst. for the benefit of the Atlanta Widows and Orphans' Relief Fund, to a large house. The Kitten Longee Comedy co. opens at the Academy of Music on the 16th for four nights with Rip Van Winkle and Fool of the Family.

The Garden of Cymodoce.

O flower of all wind-flowers and sea-flowers, Made lovelier by love of the sea Than thy golden-own field-flowers or tree-flowers.

Like foam of the sea-faunting tree: No foot but the sea-new there settles On the spikes of thy anthers like horns, With snow-colored spray for thy petals, Black rocks for thy thorns.

Was it here, in the waste of his waters, That the lordly North Wind, when his love On the fairest of many kings' daughters Bore down for a spoil from above, Chose forth of all farthest far islands, With snow-lashed harbor her head, Of all lowlands on earth and all highlands, His bride-worthy bed?

Or haply, my sea-flower, he found thee Made fast as with an anchor to land, And broke, that his waves might be round thee,

Thy fetters like rivets of sand: And star by the blast of him drifted Thy blossom of water was borne, As a bark by the heart in her lifted To mix with the morn?

By what rapture of rage, by what vision Of a heavenlier heaven than above, Was he moved to devise thy division From the land as a rest for his love? A nest when his wings would remount The ways where of old they would be, As a bride-bed up built for his pleasure By sea-rock and sea?

—[ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.]

"Druessa."

Druessa is the name of an original spectacular drama by Charles Woodbury Doble and G. V. Butterfield, which is to be produced at the Willow Park, Salem, Mass., August 3. Frank Wright, director of amusements there, is a New York engaging company and the actors. The plot is the idea solely of Mr. Doble, who is well known as a scenic artist in New England. Mr. Butterfield assisted in the language, and his share in the piece does him credit. The play differs from most of its class, inasmuch as it has an interesting plot and one which claims the attention of the audience. The following synopsis of the piece was obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Doble:

Druessa, the title role, is a witch, but formerly a fairy betrothed to Prince Arthur, who deserts her for the more beautiful Gloriana, queen of the fairies, or "fryads," as they are called in the drama. The Prince and Gloriana are married and have a beautiful daughter, Amoret, who, as the play opens, has just attained her majority and is abducted by Druessa as she is about to bathe in the lake of immortality. Amoret's mother, Gloriana, possesses a magic girdle, and it is necessary to get Amoret beyond its influence, which Druessa finally accomplishes. The Prince, who was betrothed to Amoret, first appears in the drama as a wandering pilgrim in search of his lost love. Druessa changes Amoret to a red swan, but needs the magic girdle to wholly complete her power over her. The knight Leo, seeking adventure, espouses Queen Gloriana's cause, and with the offer of Amoret's hand to the one who rescues her, enters the lists at a tournament given by Gloriana, and in which the magic girdle is the chief prize, together with the hand of Amoret when rescued. Lucifer, an emissary of Druessa, also enters the lists, and being victorious, demands the prize. Immediately upon receiving it, Prince Arthur, still in his pilgrim's disguise, exposes Lucifer. The latter succeeds in carrying the girdle to one of his minions, who carries it to Druessa. The Queen, Gloriana, by advice of Prince Arthur, makes war on Druessa, and the rest of the play is devoted to the various incidents which lead to a final result in Druessa's downfall.

Many of the incidents are new, and the scenery especially will be gorgeous. A skating carnival will be introduced with grotesque figures, and also excellent performers in it. The tournament-scene will be different from the usual ones in pieces of this class. Mr. Doble superintends the production himself, and the owners of the Willow Park are actually expending more money in the preparation of this piece than they have in any other amusement enterprise, and it is expected that the drama will run until the end of the Summer season, when it will go on the road. F. Von Orter furnishes all the music, and Prof. Muller will direct the orchestra. Seventy-five people will be engaged. Mr. Doble has centered his hopes on this drama, and as he has the direction of matters himself, he confidently expects to make a success. The whole company has not yet been engaged, so the cast is left out until next week. There is to be a dress rehearsal August 3, and the first public performance August 4.

Chris Paris is Talking About.

[Letter to the New York Tribune.]

The rich and idle world of fashion has not been long in filling up the void which was occasioned by Sara Bernhardt's disappearance. Elise and Oceana are the divinities whom society now worships and wrangles about. Oceana is called after her birthplace, the Atlantic, on the broad breast of which, in a steamboat, she came into the world. She claims to have finer points than Leona Dare, and she is idolized by la haute gomme, whose idolatry she rather enjoys. This star of the Hippodrome was brought up to jump through hoops and to dance upon the tight-rope. She is four-and-twenty, the mother of two children, and the separated wife of an Austrian, from whom, he treating her badly, and being addicted to drink, she ran away. Oceana has a head of burnished hair, which in the distance looks like a golden fleece. She has a figure like that of Diana in the Louvre gallery, and is a paragon of beauty in a loose sailor's dress, when her little glazed hat falls off, and the rolled up hair tumbles down about her waist. Her face is charming but not distingue. It has beauty of shape, complexion, and archness and coquetry. Were there no Elise at the Hippodrome Oceana would have it all her own way, and leave no room for any other idol. But her Austrian rival is no less an extraordinary woman in her line than Sara Bernhardt is in the dramatic. She comes with the warm support, by the command of the Emperor and Empress, Francis Joseph and Elizabeth, of the Austrian embassy. This fair equestrienne goes through her circus evolutions on thoroughbred horses, the gifts of her imperial patroness and friend, who had them trained for Elise under her own eye in the riding-school of Luxembourg.

Elise is no vulgar circus girl. She received the education of a young lady of quality, and was supposed at school to be the child of a rich soap manufacturer and his wife, who are perfumers to the Court of Vienna. She might, on leaving school, have been married to a rich Italian nobleman settled near Trieste. But she was seized one night at a circus with an irresistible longing to shine in one as an equestrienne. She now knows that she was impelled by an inherited instinct to lead a roving life in close association with the equine species. Elise is a grand-daughter, by one of his six illustrious daughters, of that bluff old Centaur Duke Max of Bavaria and Deux Ponts. But nobody seeks to know to which of them she stands in filial relationship. She has the figure and radiant beauty of the Empress of Austria and her horsey tastes, and the proud, willful disposition of the Queen of Naples. The Emperor Francis takes a kindly interest in Elise, and when she is at Vienna goes riding with her in the Lichtenstein park. This star of Franconia is to accompany her imperial namesake Elizabeth to Ireland next Spring, and is to lead the Meath hounds with that proud sovereign. It would be a bad thing for spurious and penniless nobles in this country were American heiresses to see them with the optics of the proud Elise, who has Viennese ideas about aristocrats.

FOREIGN STARS.

REMINISCENCES SUGGESTED BY THE COMING OF SARA BERNHARDT.

There is a promise of running Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, the French actress, through this country as a star. This lady is one of the twenty-three associates of the Comedie Francaise, in Paris, as poor Rachel was in her day, and is allowed to rank high in her profession, though where Rachel had what is recognized as genius her successor rather exhibits versatile talent. It is announced that Sara Bernhardt will arrive here in November, when the excitement of the Presidential election will culminate. The fact that during the last eighteen months she has personally and professionally excited a great furore in her favor in the "upper-ten" circle in London will be sufficient to awaken a lively interest in her on this side of the Atlantic. Besides being an actress, she is somewhat of an artist, making drawings, busts and figures, which have been exhibited in the Salon at Paris. Her appearance, judging from engravings and description, is not alone striking, but even remarkable. Mlle. Croisette, her rival, is plump and pretty, but Mlle. Bernhardt is even thinner than Rachel was. From the manner in which she wears her hair, covering the forehead and meeting the eyebrows, it is not easy to imagine precisely how she looks. The face is evidently a good oval and the nose is naturally a leading feature, the lady, like Rachel, being of Hebrew parentage. In considering her chances of success as a star in a country in which French is not generally spoken or read, it may be necessary to glance backward.

In 1810 Mr. T. A. Cooper, manager of one of the Philadelphia theatres, imported George Frederick Cooke, an English tragedian, who had been a rival of John Kenble, and at that date had passed middle age. His "settled habits" were most unsettled, and he frequently appeared on the stage in a condition unfavorable to memory, utterance and action. His reputation as an actor was so high that, playing Richard III. at the Park Theatre, New York, on his opening night, the receipts were \$1,820, a very large sum at that time and place. He died, in Rhode Island, in 1812. His engagement (to receive twenty-five guineas a week for ten months, with twenty-five cents a mile for traveling expenses), was regarded as a wild speculation, but it paid, and certainly stands in curious contrast with the enormous amounts guaranteed, in later days, to dancers, singers, musicians, actors and other stars in the dramatic galaxy.

SOME FAMOUS STARS.

Some years after Cooke's exit, several English actors visited this country, many of whom remained. Among the best of these were J. W. Wallack, who arrived here in 1818, and was an efficient manager up to his death in 1864; Madame Anna Bishop, William Rufus Blake, Julius Brutus Booth, Peter Richings, John Collins, William E. Burton, John Brougham and Dion Boucicault. The list of foreign "stars" who merely dropped in since the elder Wallack's arrival glitters with distinguished names. Edmund Kean, whose vivid acting, according to the criticism of William Hazlitt, was like "reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," made three visits from 1820 to 1823; Macready, also, was here twice; Charles Mathews, a wonderfully clever mimic, with decided genius in the delineation of eccentric character parts, came twice. His son, dramatist and actor, visited us, in 1837 and 1857, but without much success. John Reeve, a free, easy and facetious member of the Adelphi company, in London, who came over late in 1835, had the misfortune to find himself anticipated in all his best parts by W. E. Burton, who had appeared precisely a year before in Reeve's own characters. There also were Tyrone Power, the Irish actor (who, it has been declared, was Thomas Powell and a native of South Wales); Robert Keeley and his wife; Dowtan and Abbot, the last of the old English comedians; Gustavus Brooke, a brilliant, but unsteady tragedian; Ristori, Janauschek and Salvini; Mrs. Warner and Mrs. Ternan; Ellen Tree, the Kembles, Sothern and others. Some vocalists, too, also crossed the ocean. Among these, the most successful were Madame Thillon * * * Mr. James Hudson, Miss Sherill, John Wilson, John Templeton and Mr. and Mrs. Wood. It is believed that, early in 1848, the person who appeared at the Walnut Street Theatre as Phil Purcell, in his own play of *The Emigrant's Dream*, was Samuel Lover, the world-known author of *Kory O'More*. At present there is much the same demand and supply of able dramatic professionals, with the exception that the demand now is rather from England and the supply from the United States. During the London season, just closed, four of the managers and some thirty performers were American, and this number will be increased before the close of the year.

Full thirty years elapsed between George Frederick Cooke's visit and the next importation of an acknowledged "star." This was Fanny Ellsler, an Austrian danseuse, then the rival of the celebrated Taglioni, who was her superior in grace, but scarcely her equal in the display of physical force and agility, particularly in a dance called "La Cenciucha." The fair Viennese, having won applause and wealth in the principal capitals of Europe, looked westward for a new world to conquer, and arranged for a series of performances in the Park Theatre, New York, which began in May, 1840. She had been duly written up in advance by the press—a practice not out of fashion in later days. The lady, a model of robust good looks and symmetry, with comparative youth and beauty, literally danced her way into the good opinion of audiences here, and her popularity continued during her entire visit, which ended in July, 1842. Her emoluments are

believed to have been large, but the amount has rather been guessed than ascertained. As related by himself, in a recent instalment of candid autobiography, Miss Ellsler came to this country in charge of Mr. Henry Wilkoff, fully forty years ago. He closes with the fact of their arrival. In his next volume, for he largely takes his readers into his confidence, perhaps the story of the Ellsler campaign may be narrated in full. There were two Ellslers. Fanny, the more celebrated, who was the younger, retired from public life, on a handsome fortune, in 1851, and is now seventy years old. Teresa, born in 1808, contracted a morganatic marriage with Prince Adalbert, of Prussia, was ennobled, and died in 1878.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny Lind was the next great "star" who was tempted to visit this country. Mr. Barnum, after having successfully exhibited "General Tom Thumb" (not alone in America, but in many foreign countries), formed the design of engaging Jenny Lind, then the most popular of foreign vocalists, to give a series of concerts in the United States. He offered to pay her \$50,000 for one hundred or \$150,000 for one hundred and fifty concerts or oratorios in the United States and Havana. In addition, her expenses were provided for in the most princely manner. Mr. Julius Benedict was specially retained as musical conductor, with Signor Belletti, a distinguished baritone. To prevent disappointment, Mr. Barnum deposited with Messrs. Baring, the bankers, in London, the full amount which he had engaged to pay Miss Lind, whether the venture was a hit or a miss. The campaign lasted through a considerable part of 1850-51. The receipts for the first concert were \$17,864, after which there was "no such word as fail." The receipts for ninety-five concerts were \$712,161, of which Miss Lind received \$176,675. Closing the engagement at the ninety-second regular concert, the vocalist chose to pay \$32,000 out of this sum as a penalty for not going through the whole of the contract. After this she sang under no management but her own, less profitably than when Mr. Barnum managed for both; but took back with her to Europe about \$200,000 and an excellent husband—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—a skillful musician and conductor. Occasionally she has returned to the concert hall in England for some special charitable purpose, her last appearance there being during this season, mentioned in a late issue of THE MIRROR.

Previous to 1850 only two attempts of any importance had been made to introduce and naturalize Italian opera in the United States. In 1825 Signor Garcia, who had been a musician and instructor of some note in Paris and London, brought out his daughter, then in her eighteenth year, as a debutante, in the character of Rosina, at the Park Theatre, New York; and this youthful prima donna was remarkably successful. But Mr. Malibran, a French merchant, then in middle age and believed to be very wealthy, married her and she retired into private life. This union, unhappy in all its events and results, was terminated by the flight of the lady to Europe, where she returned to the stage and became an acknowledged queen of song, her reign extending from 1827 to her early death, in 1836. The second operatic venture of any importance here was made by Ferdinand Palmo, a Neapolitan, who had made a fortune by keeping a popular restaurant in New York, and having expended a large sum in the construction of an opera house in that city, opened it in February, 1844, with I Puritani. Hoping against hope, for three years, that success would reward him at last, he had to resume his original occupation, utterly without means, and died at an advanced age in New York.

In 1852-3 there was a double season of Italian opera in the United States. Mme. Albani, then in the spring of womanhood (she was born in 1826), and who was regarded as the most perfect contralto living, appeared on the lyrical stage, and also in concerts, in New York and some other cities. Mme. Sontag, who had retired from professional life about the time of Albani's birth, but had returned to the stage with the remains of a very good voice, was the star of a rival troupe. There was no opera house in New York at that time, and Italian opera was not very efficiently presented in Niblo's Garden and in the Broadway Theatre. There was more competition than gain, and rivalry soon made both companies come "to grief."

RACHEL.

In 1855 Mlle. Rachel Felix, who for nearly twenty years had been the tragedienne of the Theatre Francaise, with her genius acknowledged and munificently rewarded throughout Europe, yielded to her own cupidity and the plausible representations of her brother Raphael, a highly adventurous gentleman, who desired to do better than Jenny Lind had done, resolved to accompany him, with several members of their family, to the United States. This family party, including the father, son and four daughters, left Europe in August 1855, and the first performance took place in New York on Sept. 3, Rachel appearing as Camille in Racine's tragedy of *Les Hordies*. The receipts were \$5,297, a larger sum than had ever been drawn in any theatre in Europe by actor or actress. But Jenny Lind's first evening had drawn a much larger amount. This was the first of a series of disappointments. The next was the indifference of the audience, only a small percentage of whom understood the performer's language. The appearance of Rachel, her classical features and her modulated utterance, were greatly admired, but the actress and the audience were not in accord. There was dissatisfaction, too, because Rachel hesitated, in fact had declined, to sing the *Marseillaise*, and when she did, at last, it was measured and intoned chanting and not singing. Very soon the horizon was more seriously clouded.

As French is not generally understood or spoken in New York most of the audience went armed with a book of the play, with the original text on one page and a free (very free) translation on the other. They desired to follow Mme. Rachel, word by word, as if to ascertain whether she skipped anything, and when, in her declamation, she came to the end of the page there was a general and not very silent flutter, lasting some seconds, caused by the simultaneous turning over of the leaves of the libretto. At first this evidently surprised the great actress, but she soon got used to it, and would even pause until this manipulation had been completed. In the "Pocahontas" song it was thus alluded to:

As the newspapers told him, the people looked more,
And every one bought a French play-book at the door.
With their eyes on their books and their ears on the stage,
They thought they were seeing Rachel, I'll engage.

For the Lind concerts Mr. Barnum's good sense and local knowledge had moderately set the prices of admission as low as one and

two dollars. Mr. Raphael Felix attempted to charge three, contrary to all accepted precedent. In Mr. John Brougham's extravaganza of *Pocahontas*, written about that time, there is a song alluding to the manner in which the French manager had to change his system. One verse says: Well, the doors they were opened, and the folks they walked in,
Think of Felix's feelings, the domus was thin,
And it must be confessed that he looked rather blue,
When instead of three dollars he had to take two.

Before the first month was ended Rachel's tendency to consumption was developed by the variations of the climate and her own inattention to suitable attire. In Boston her success was comparatively greater than in New York. Next, in the middle of November, she appeared in Philadelphia, but the theatre had not been warmed and her cough increased. After that she played only once more in any country. That was in Charleston. Thence she went to Havana, where rest was insisted on. She returned to Europe early in 1856, wintered on the banks of the Nile in that year, returned to France in May, 1857, and died in January, 1858, aged 38, at Cannet, a village near Cannes and Toulon.

Had the Felix enterprise been properly conducted and had Rachel's health not broken down the gross receipts would almost certainly have exceeded \$150,808, the actual total. As it was she realized a large sum. If Sara Bernhardt, who is stronger than she looks, is properly placed before our public, and does not exhibit the caprices and temper by which women of talent sometimes alienate friends and make foes, she may be eminently successful here. The fact being that she excels, not in solemn tragedy, but in French comedy, whose action is always intelligible, and is also a fine melodramatic performer, she, too, may draw as a star much popularity and solid gain. She will have a fair chance, at any rate, and Abbey and Schoeffel, her managers here, have a high reputation for probity and judgment, which, of course, is strong point in her as well as in their favor.

Through a Lorgnette.

[Walshingham in Balto. Sat. Night.]

At Her Majesty's Opera the other night I noticed any number of people well-known "on the other side;" in a box next the stage was a deputation of New York literati, led by Miss Kate Field. I sat directly beneath this bomboniere of beauty and talent, but I was able to "spot" the spirituelle Kate by the nose that so gracefully curled, and by the gold bead side combs in her bonnie brown hair. In the stalls, too, was John McCullough, listening to Nilsson's delightful Mignon with the closest attention, and in a box on the second tier I noticed Miss Rose Coghlan magnificently dressed, and accompanied by her mother, and by her sister, Miss Eily Coghlan, who has secured a scholarship in the Musical Conservatory and is devoting herself to studying for operettas. Miss Eily looked a budding beauty in a flounced straw colored dress gaze de chamley, ornamented with moss-rose buds, and Miss Rose Coghlan had every glass in the house leveled at her box as she appeared in a pale-blue silk, combined with white silk which formed a sweeping train trimmed with applique embroidery of scarlet flowers and foliage, and diamond ornaments in the hair. At Covent Garden, the night Mme. Sembrich sang in *La Sonnambula*, I saw Mme. Adelina Patti, sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and dressed in a pale blue robe embroidered in flowers about the corsage. La Patti looks as young as ever at a little distance, and it is only when a lorgnette is brought to bear on her that it is seen that her eyes look tired. Her face lights up wonderfully in conversation, her eyes dance in her coquettish head, and she is full of foreign ways and manners. If Nicolini was with her lurked, Mephistophelian-like, in the back of the box; her ostensible companions were a good-natured, stout lady in salmon-colored silk, and a very jolly gentleman with whom she kept up a running fire of conversation. La Patti sang the other night at the state concert at Buckingham Palace. The little affair with Nicolini does not disturb her at all appearances, but she is said to regret it at last very deeply.

Actresses of reputation are received quite everywhere; Mrs. Kendal was presented to the Princess of Wales at the Grosvenor Gallery a Sunday or so ago, and to-night Mrs. Bancroft attains one of the summits of social ambition—she goes to the Duchess of Westminster's. Decidedly they do things better in England, where prejudice against respectable members of the theatrical profession is now quite unknown.

London World: Mme. Nilsson is possibly going to America, but certainly not with Mr. Mapleson. Mme. Trebelli is probably going to America, but decidedly not with Mr. Mapleson. Mme. Marie Roze is surely going to America, but most likely not with Mr. Mapleson. Mme. Gerster is the only one who seems inclined to do so. The question is, What will the shareholders of the New York Academy of Music say?

To a Skull.

Turn your face this way;
I'm not weary of it—
Every hour of every day
More and more I love it—
Grimacing in that jolly guise
Of bare bones and empty eyes!
Was this hollow done,
Where I tap my finger,
Once the spirit's narrow home—
Where you loved to linger,
Hiding, as to-day we,
From the self-same destiny?
O'er and o'er again
Have I put the query—
Was existence all in vain,
That you look so cheery?
Death of such a benefit
That you smile to think of it!

Did your throbbing brow
Tire of the flutter
Of such fancies as now
You, at last, may utter
In that grin so grimly bland
Only death can understand!

Has the shadow gleam
Of old dreams of pleasure
Left you ever wholly free
To float out, at leisure,
O'er the shoreless, trackless trance
Of unsounded circumstance?
Only, this I read
In your changeless features—
You, at least, have gained a meed
Held from living creatures:
You have naught to ask—Beside,
You do grin so satisfied!

—[JAMES W. RILEY.]

The Edwin Forrest Home.

A half-hour's ride from Philadelphia takes the visitor to Holmesburg, a quaint suburb of the Quaker City; and a half-hour's walk takes him to the Home, which is situated on the outskirts of the village, on a large estate called "Springbrook." The Home itself is a fine old country mansion, once the property of the late Caleb Cope, a wealthy old citizen of Philadelphia. It is surrounded by 60 acres of lawn and woodland, the remainder of the extensive domain of "Springbrook" being rented by the manager of the Home to a farmer. Entering the house, you find yourself in a grand hall, almost baronial in the height of its ceiling, and its width. The walls are covered with pictures. There are portraits of actors and private persons, landscapes, fancy sketches, beautiful women of sacred and profane history, etc., in almost endless variety. There are oil paintings, engravings, etchings, crayons, and photographs. Most prominent among the last-named is a life-size photograph of Edwin Forrest as King Lear in the mad scene; so natural that you almost fancy you hear the dead actor's grand voice uttering with such thrilling effect as was its wont, the line, "Aye, every inch a king!"

Near the staircase stands a life-size statue of Forrest in Roman dress. To the right of the hall as you enter is the drawing-room, imposing in its proportions and its style of furniture, supplied with two pianos, and with its walls, like those of the hall, covered with pictures, many of them of great rarity and excellence. Beyond the drawing-room, and opening into it, is the library, which contains 8,000 volumes. There are books on almost every subject upon which books have ever been written, and a great variety of them, too, including many very old and curious works. To the left of the hall is the dining-room. The upper hall, like the lower, is rendered attractive by the multitude of pictures which cover its walls. Here, in a glass case, are Metamora's swords, the fighting one with which Forrest was wont to contend against Richmond in Richard III. lying side by side with the old Scottish claymore which he used to wear in Macbeth. Here again is a life-size photograph of Forrest—this time in private life, with overcoat on and silk hat in hand. Indeed, there are counterfeit presentments of Forrest everywhere, representing him as Macbeth, as King Lear in the various scenes of that play, as Richard III., Othello, the Gladiator, Metamora, Kolla in Pizarro, and so on ad libitum. In the second story are the bath-room, the sitting-room, and the superintendent's apartment, and on the floor above are the dormitories of the inmates, of whom, since the death of Mr. Lomas, there are but four. These are Mrs. Woods, an English lady, who is at present seriously ill; Mrs. Margaret D. Burroughs, a native of New York; Jacob Wonderly Thoman, a Philadelphian; and Mr. Spear, who was born in New England. The last-named was the first person who applied for admission to the Home.

The number of those now seeking to become inmates of the Home is large; and the only reason why so few are there is because the income of the estate has not hitherto been sufficiently large to support more than five. In the Centennial year an unfortunate sale of Edwin Forrest's late residence on North Broad street was made to a stock company, which converted it into a concert garden. This company paid \$10,000 of the purchase-money down, and gave a mortgage for the balance. After a short time the company failed, the mortgage was foreclosed, and the property was bought in by the mortgagees. From that time this valuable real-estate has been almost wholly unproductive. Recently, however, the managers of the Home succeeded in selling it, together with a building lot adjoining, for \$65,000, to the School of Design for Women. This amount, when invested, will yield an income sufficiently large to support several additional inmates, for whose reception preparations will shortly be commenced. Since the death of Joseph McArdle, who had been superintendent of the Home since it was first opened, the duties of the superintendency have been discharged by Mr. A. B. Rue, an estimable gentleman of Holmesburg. He is a candidate for the position, and his election seems to be a foregone conclusion, as members of the Board of Managers state that he has been known to them personally for years, has their entire confidence, and that electing him to the office permanently is merely a form, which will certainly be gone through with at the next meeting of the Board.

A Musician's Treasures.

[Philadelphia Times.]

There is scarcely any pursuit which so grows with what it feeds upon as the passion for collecting. The passion for spending is shorter lived from its own obvious tendencies and results. But one who collects has the evidence of his efforts always before him. Of course there are extremes in either case. Both the miser and the spendthrift are to be pitied. Even spendthrift Byron, as he grew older, prayed for "avarice" as "a good, old, gentlemanly vice." But the habit of collecting really beautiful and valuable things may be very safely indulged in, and examples of such pleasant pursuits are all around us. There are, for instance, numerous private collections of pictures and other works of art in this city which, by only a moderate exercise of liberality, increase annually in value and interest, and will serve to gladden and educate many a future student of art in its various departments.

Not long ago the writer came upon a large and interesting collection of musical instruments. Like most of such discoveries, this was made quite accidentally. Your genuine collector does not advertise the successive increases of his store. It has been just thus with that genuine musician, Carl Plagemann. Mr. Plagemann has now resided in Philadelphia for more than thirty years, having originally appeared here as the first horn player of the old German Orchestra, in the autumn of 1848. Chancing to call upon him on some business recently, I was invited to his apartments, where the common air seems

to be suddenly exchanged for an intensely musical atmosphere. One first catches sight of two violoncellos behind the sofa upon which he is invited to be seated. How many instruments may be under that sofa it is hard to tell or count; but the noses of violin-boxes are protruded at close intervals, and the same are seen to project from every unoccupied nook about this and the adjoining apartment. A half-dozen choice instruments are stowed away under the bed and bureau. Whether one of the best of them may not share a place on the pillow it would hardly have been polite to inquire. But there was one viola so affectionately treated by its kindly owner that it almost suggested such an idea. This instrument was an exceedingly well preserved and beautiful specimen of an Amati, of most artistic proportions and firm, full tone. There was also another Amati viola, less powerful, but in splendid condition. The violins were stowed away in their individual cases, seven hung from the ceiling of a closet and twelve were arranged in a cabinet. There are upward of thirty violins altogether which Mr. Plagemann has picked up in his long musical career. Among the makers represented are Amati, Guarnerius, Rugioni, Storioni, Gagliani, Decouet, Stainer, Klotz, Breton, etc. Of Jacob Stainer, who was probably the most successful maker of the Seventeenth century—always excepting the Cremonese school—there are two rare specimens. One of these is of a grand, rich tone, and with a powerful frame. The other is more delicate in mechanism, and correspondingly lighter in tone, but both, in their construction, bear the unmistakable marks of the same master hand.

Among the interesting violins of this collection are three modern instruments made by Lowendall of Dresden. These have been carefully and exactly patterned after the best existing specimens respectively of Stradivarius, Amati and Guarnerius. Of course, as the secret of supreme success appears to have died with these masters, these copies are chiefly valuable as guides to the amateur collector in deciding upon the genuineness of originals. All sorts of impositions are practiced upon the unwary. Not very long ago, a violin, which was claimed to be a genuine Giovanni Battista Guadagnini, was offered in this city at a high price. It was so uncouth and generally unprepossessing that a young collector doubted its authenticity, more particularly as the workmanship of the above, who was the best of the Guadagnini family, is very little known here. A more experienced judge satisfied him on this point and saved the young man's money by gravely expressing the belief that the violin had been made in Ireland. It is almost safe to judge any old violin by its intrinsic beauties. Some of the loveliest mechanism known in woodwork may be found among these old and valuable instruments which have been thus briefly alluded to, and of which the genial musician already named is the fortunate possessor.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Four theatres are open.

—M. B. Leavitt is expected back about Aug. 1.

—Richard Stewart and family are putting up at the Westminster.

—Maj. Pond is working actively in the interests of A Gentleman From Nevada.

—H. J. Clapham will attend to the business of the B. W. P. & W.'s Minstrels next season.

—Mr. Charles H. Clark, the tenor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, has received an offer to join the Abbott Opera company next season, which he has declined.

—Mr. Rolfe is rapidly bringing his valuable and attractive edition of Shakespeare's plays to completion. He has taken the first folio as the basis of his work and uses the quarto to amend and correct it.

—Pierre Bernard and wife (Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard) have determined to make Richmond, Va., their future home, and have accepted an engagement in the choir of Grace Episcopal Church and at the Baptist Female Institute in that city.

—Tillotson and Fell, managers of the Grand Opera House, Bloomington, Ill., are filling dates for the Litta Concert company. The company includes Lillian DeGarmo, dramatic reader and impersonator, [who is received with marked favor wherever she appears.

—The Julia A. Hunt combination for next season will comprise the following: Julia A. Hunt (star), Giles Shine (support), Charles R. Blake, W. H. Gould, Thaddeus Shine, James M. Larkin, Malcolm Jennings, Ion Arnold, Neil Glass, Helen Reimer, Vinnie Shannon, Ella Julian, and Mrs. J. R. Healy.

—The new play entitled *The Gunner* which has just been brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, as an original work, is an adaptation of a well-known German farce. An American version of this same German play has already been made by Sydney Rosenfeld, and by him entitled *The Ulster*.

—The Tile Club announce a particularly strong organization for the coming season, which they will inaugurate Sept. 20 through New England, opening in Boston Oct. 4. Marie Conron, their leading soprano, is gifted with a sweet, well-cultivated voice, and has but lately returned from a course of study in Florence, Italy. She will prove an attractive card for her managers, and, with Sara Lascelles (of Daly's Royal Middy company), and Angelo Torriani, Jr., and William Paul Brown, complete a particularly strong quartette. The comic element will be well supplied by such artists as Lizzie Harold, one of our brightest and prettiest soubrettes, Ed Marble, Frank Budworth, and William Carroll (formerly of Harris and Carroll). Idle Hours, their satire, as they term it, is said to be a very select affair, refined, neat, and withal extremely funny. The following songs are among the original ones specially composed: "Reflections," "Farewell," (a charming quartette), "Up on our Roof," and the "Colon of our Club." We wish Messrs. Clark and Marble all the success the entertainment that they promise deserves.

The Lobster.

Crustaceous fish!
Gem of the briny deep,
Thou makest a dish
Nice to our taste, yet cheap!
And though, when in the deep blue sea
The early fisherman poses thee
Thou'rt lively as a fish can be,
And dark in hue,
Yet when, within his humble cot,
The hardy fisher does thee pot
Thou'rt red as maid whose blushes hot
Steal swift in view!
Then, made in salad, it is clear
No dish can ever be thy peer
When thou art served with foaming beer;
And, lest thou fly also,
We scarce can wish
That summer's heat should go,
Crustaceous fish!

NEW YORK MIRROR

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STEELE MACKAY, Proprietor and Manager.
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SEVENTH MONTH OF HAZEL KIRKE.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAY EVER PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

Niblo's Garden Theatre.

J. H. HAVELY, Proprietor and Manager.
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Havely's Genuine Colored Minstrel Carnival.
100 Performers. New acts, songs and dances. All the old favorites in their seats.
Kersands, 40 Female Jubilee
Green, Holden, 40 Female Jubilee
Devonair, 40 Female Jubilee
Bland, Bowen, Singers in joyous refrain and camp-meeting songs.
Otter and Anderson, as Tambors.
[Long melodies.]

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.

Havely's Fourteenth St. Theatre.

Corner of 14th Street and 6th Ave.
J. H. HAVELY, Proprietor and Manager.
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REOPENING OF THIS THEATRE.
MONDAY EVENING JULY 20th.

First appearance in this country of THE STEWART SISTERS and

M. R. STEWART,

the distinguished Australian artists, who have just completed a highly successful engagement at THE CRYSTAL PALACE THEATRE, LONDON,

and who will appear here in their new specialty of Mirth Music and Mimicry, entitled RAINBOW REVUE.

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Every evening and Saturday Matinee.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS, as Agnes, in her new and powerful American comedy drama,

SUSPECTED, written by herself.

A popular success. Houses crowded. Hundreds turned away. The sensation of the season.

Only Matinee Saturday, July 24.

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Volks Garden.

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Mrs. PAUL FALK, Proprietress.
Wm. T. GIESELBERG, Manager.
S. S. SANFORD, Stage Manager.
Strictly first-class. VARIETY talent in all branches. None other accepted after first

night. Business must be sent in a few days in advance. All aerial artists must have a net.

The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out-of-town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.

The Revival of the Spectacular Drama.

Our curious little contemporary that hangs on to the Herald, like the fancy bow at the end of a kite's tail, prints a great deal about the drama; but, unfortunately, its zeal is not tempered with knowledge or discretion. Only a short time ago it was undertaking to argue that nothing of importance would occur at our metropolitan theatres until the Presidential election was over in November. Now it is equally certain that nobody wants the spectacular drama; that the day for the spectacular drama is over, and that we shall have no more spectacular drama for at least a generation. But we must do our curious little contemporary the justice to observe that, although generally wrong, it is always open to conviction. In regard to the postponement of all novelties until November, for example, we are able to praise its honesty at the expense of its consistency. No sooner had THE MIRROR of last week appeared, with our refutation of the November theory, than our curious little contemporary wheeled about and published a double-headed article showing how very brilliant the approaching preliminary season is to be. The compliment touched us deeply. Whether our esteemed contemporaries copy our articles bodily, or borrow our ideas, or pick out our news, we are always happy to be of service to them. They may turn our prose into poetry, like the World, or transform our items into a New York letter, like our Philadelphia mimesake, or wheel about and jump Jim Crow with our facts, like our curious little contemporary, and our only impression is that of satisfaction, not mingled with admiration. No doubt, after reading this article and thinking the subject over, we shall find our curious little contemporary just as certain that the spectacular drama is a grand thing, that we cannot have too much of it, and that we are sure to have plenty of it during the coming season, as, after reading our article of last week, our curious little contemporary was certain of the brilliancy of the opening which it had before predicted would be dull, dispiriting and valueless until November.

Col. Haverly, who has shown a splendid lead to the profession in many directions since he first brought his extraordinary skill, energy and foresight into the theatrical field, is now the manager (with Mr. Ed Gilmore as his associate) of the greatest spectacular theatre of this country—Niblo's Garden. The scenic wonders which were achieved there with The Black Crook have never been equaled anywhere else. Although Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer transferred themselves to Booth's Theatre and found there the elaborate machinery prepared by Mr. Edwin Booth for spectacular displays, and used by him in illustrating Shakespeare in a manner never attempted anywhere else in the world, yet they seemed to have lost the secret of those marvelous combinations of scenery, grouping and colors that made The Black Crook memorable in theatrical annals; and their revival of Sardanapalus, although gorgeous enough to attract large audiences, could not compare with the Crook as a spectacle. At the Grand Opera House Mr. Daly did wonders during the early days of his management, sending to Paris for the models, the properties and the costumes of Le Roi Carotte, and drawing more money in a month than was ever taken at any other house; but even the splendors of his spectacles did not eclipse those of the Crook. Other theatres, not only here, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati, have produced spectacle upon an elaborate scale; but none has been able to shake the supremacy of those marvels at Niblo's that drew the whole country to admire them and made the fortunes of all concerned in their production. Thus, having the theatre that is identified with the spectacular drama, Col. Haverly only shows his customary shrewdness in determining that it shall be hereafter devoted, in great part, to the style of play that has made it famous; and so, just when our curious little contemporary declares that we are to have no more spectacle, it happens that we are upon the eve of a series of spectacular displays which are expected to surpass even The Black Crook in magnificence.

It is a truism in the profession that no spectacle, properly prepared and liberally placed upon the stage, ever failed to draw money. A great deal of money has to be invested in such a piece; but it is one of the safest and most lucrative investments, if taste and talent hold the purse. During the past few seasons we have had no ventures in this direction in this country,

because our managers were recovering from their heavy losses during the hard times and feeling their way toward the theatrical revival that is now blessing the profession. They had not large sums of money to invest, and they could not foresee what turn theatrical affairs would probably take. But in all the other amusement capitals of the world the spectacular drama has held its place unchallenged and unrivaled. In London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin at least one immense theatre is given up to spectacle all the year round; and all the large theatres bring out spectacles, more or less splendid, during the holiday seasons. New York has been, for the past few years, behind the rest of the world in this respect; but the return of good times has revived the disposition toward the style of piece that has always attracted the masses of the people. Singularly enough—as if to prove conclusively how little the daily papers know about the theatres—at the very moment our curious little contemporary was arguing that the spectacular drama is dead, the brushes of the scenic artists and the hammers of the stage-carpenters at Wallack's were preparing for George Conquest's spectacular pantomime Grim Goblin, which Manager Moss promises shall excel any piece ever produced at that theatre. And scarcely were the sheets of our curious little contemporary dry from the press, when the Kiralfy Brothers arrived from Europe with the models for The Black Crook, which is to surpass The Black Crook, at Niblo's Garden.

Bartley Campbell, who to his talents as a dramatist adds a singular shrewdness in discerning the drift of public taste, was one of the first to foretell the revival of the spectacular drama; but for a long while he could find nobody but Col. Haverly to agree with him. When he wrote Clio, three years ago, it was with the avowed intention of taking advantage of the popular liking for ballet and spectacle, in order to advance the highest form of the drama by combining the popular with the artistic elements. His Clio is a play, a spectacle and a ballet, so welded together that one part of it is as essential as the other. But Clio, indifferently presented in the West, was offered in vain to our leading managers, because Mr. Campbell was ahead of his time. Now Col. Haverly has accepted it, and it will probably be the first of the series of spectacles to be presented at Niblo's Garden. When once the fashion is set there successfully, we shall see during the approaching season a general revival of spectacular plays all over the country. The reaction from the very cheapest form of the drama—parties of half-a-dozen actors in semi-variety shows—to the most expensive form of spectacle is not at all unnatural. The small parties have had their day, and a very sunny day it has been; and it is by no means over yet; but the public will turn in time to more substantial fare, and Col. Haverly will be ready to seize his opportunity. Again we shall see the stage crowded with hundreds of dancers and supernumeraries, instead of being dotted with two or three comedians—one on the others off. Again we shall see miles of canvas covered with the glories of the scene-painter's art, instead of the single box-scene that stands for the whole play and can be packed in a trunk and carried around with the party. Again we shall have scores of stage-carpenters employed at the sinks and flies, the traps and transformations, instead of the one man who now rolls the curtain up and down after the single scene has been set for the season. All this means more work, and paying work, for a large army of good men and women who march as the reserve corps of the drama, and who have been altogether overlooked in the previous arrangements for the season. It means, also, a universal revival in those departments of scenery and costume that grow to be neglected when the spectacular drama is shelved for too long an interval. For these reasons we welcome it; but whether our curious little contemporary welcomes it or not, it is surely coming.

The Mystery of Snap Companies.

One of the most important things that an actor or actress wants to know when an engagement is offered is whether the salary is safe. Any other chances may be taken; but with the dear old mother or the little ones at home, the chance of not getting a salary after it is earned is not one that can be easily considered. All of us have known actors and actresses who will throw up good engagements upon points of position, or piques about parts, or any of the thousand and one tender spots of that variety, which is a vital portion of the sincere professional; but this is done during the heat of passion, and is not calmly resolved upon while discussing an engagement. The actor must live; to live and support those dependent upon him he must be sure of his salary; to live with any sort of comfort he must be sure, also, of receiving that salary upon the appointed day of the week. These facts may come to be obsolete when the theory

of Dr. Tanner is reduced to a science; but at present "playing to wind" is the bugbear of the profession; and when the ghost no longer walks, the most stage-struck Hamlet feels like imitating the ghost's example so far as the boards are concerned. How is it, then, that we still hear every week about "snap" companies? How is it that certain so-called managers who never had a dollar, or who never paid a dollar to their companies if they had it, continue to get up troupes, make promises that, like pie-crust, are made to be broken, and go about the country, on a perpetual burst, disgracing the profession and disgusting the public with the reputable combinations which are unfortunate enough to follow them? How do such pseudo-managers get hold of their companies, and why do actors and actresses trust to such repeatedly broken reeds?

Whatever may have been the case in years gone by, when the profession lacked organization and was at the mercy of every sharper, there is nowadays no excuse for any professional who engages where the money is not as safe as in any other respectable business. Almost all engagements are made through the leading theatrical agent of each division of the country; and although the agent may not go so far as to give his personal endorsement to every manager who does business with him, he at least knows all about the standing of the managers and will not be a party to a "snap" engagement without warning the actors of what they are to expect in case the money does not come in from the public. Besides this great safeguard, the profession now has its own papers, THE MIRROR and the Clipper, in which all the movements of managers and actors are carefully and minutely chronicled, so that an actor cannot plead ignorance of the standing and reputation of the manager with whom he is about to engage. Of course there can be no more absolute certainty in the profession than in any other kind of business. The bank that engages a book-keeper may burst; the merchant who engages a clerk may fail; such chances belong to all human affairs, and we are not taking them into account at present. But, with THE MIRROR as his guide and a leading agent as his adviser, no professional need be in any danger of joining a company where the salaries are not as safe as the bank and as sure to be paid on the day they are due as the merchant's notes. How is it, then, that so many actors are apparently led astray? How is it that so many "snap" companies are got together to east discredit upon the profession by their speedy dissolution and to annoy the charitable by appeals from poor actors who have to "walk home on their uppers" over rough ungraded roads?

The mystery of these "snap" companies is easily exploded. The profession ought not to be held responsible for them in any way. The charitable may safely close their ears to such appeals. These companies are composed of persons who cannot get an engagement with a regular company; either because they are utterly unfitted for the profession or because their own habits disqualify them for reputable employment. The leading agents know them and have them upon their blank books. The recognized organ of the profession has exposed them frequently and refuses to encourage them by any further mention. Instead of being rated as professionals, they ought to be classed as tramps. To them comes a fellow, equally without character and reputation, who puts a swindling advertisement into his appropriate organ, the D—N, and bands them together for a "snap" at the pockets of the public. Once in a while a recognized actor, with more ambition than sense and with a few dollars ahead of the world, joins such a gang and deliberately takes the chances, certain of his own board and lodgings out of his previous savings if the "snap" fails, and hopeful of good notices in parts beyond his usual business if the troupe hangs together long enough to allow the local newspapers to notice it. An honest manager with a genuine company who has fallen into misfortune through ill-luck, hard times or a mistaken locality, is deserving of respect, sympathy and assistance; but one of these "snap" affairs is only worthy of ridicule and contempt. The honest manager soon finds friends and support, and works through into a better locality or a better season; the "snap" manager runs away and branches out again with another lot of tramps, to repeat his imposition upon another portion of the public. The mystery of the "snap" companies, therefore, is no mystery at all. The sooner those who compose them are laughed out of the profession or starved into adopting some other business, the better for all concerned. As for their so-called managers, their affection for the D—N shows that they are on the straight road to jail, from which let no deluded philanthropist assist to deliver them.

—Marie Gordon has sailed for Europe.

PERSONAL.

OATES.—Alice Oates is in Cincinnati.
WAKEMAN.—Annie Wakeman is at South Yarmouth.
MORTON.—George Morton is resting at Rhinebeck.
ABBEY.—Henry E. Abbey arrived on the Berlin Sunday.
JARRETT.—H. C. Jarrett has returned from Europe.
DALY.—Augustin Daly will arrive home from the West next Monday.
POMEROY.—Louise Pomeroiy will play at the Fifth Avenue next season.
SOTHERN.—E. A. Sothern opens at the Park, in his new play, Sept. 20.
CHESTER.—Marie Chester is spoken of for the cast of Two Nights in Rome.
COSEY.—Manager A. M. Palmer is stopping at Coney Island for a few days.
LEE.—It is definitely settled that Amy Lee goes with Milton Nobles next season.
GRANVILLE.—Gertie Granville is enjoying the sea breezes at Asbury Park, N. J.
SMITH.—John P. Smith and family are stopping at the new Oriental, Coney Island.
HAROLD.—Jeanie Harold will be a member of Herne's Hearts of Oak company next fall.
BEEBE.—Henrietta Beebe, of the Boston Ideal, passes the heated term at Lake George.
STOREY.—Annie Storey, a young lady of Washington, goes out with Lawrence Barrett next fall.
CLANCEY.—Laura Clancey goes out again next season with the company supporting Mary Anderson.
PAULDING.—Frederick Paulding has been engaged by Steele Mackaye for the Madison Square co. next season.
TRACY.—Helen Tracy returns from the Soldiers' Home at Dayton in time to open with the Kiralfys Sept. 6.
ABBOTT.—Emma Abbott is writing an autobiography, which is to be called "The Story of a Great Singer."
SARA.—The interesting fact is flashed from wire to wire that Bernhard is taking two lessons in English daily.
DAVENPORT.—The date of Fanny Davenport's opening at the Fifth Avenue, in Anna Dickinson's new play, is Sept. 20.
SHERIDAN.—W. F. Sheridan is spoken of in connection with the leading part in the False Friend traveling company.
FAWCETT.—Owen Fawcett does not go with The Galley Slave next season, but with A. M. Palmer's False Friend combination.
BLANCHE.—Pretty Kitty Blanche, late of Gas. Williams's combination, has been secured by J. K. Emmet as leading lady for So'Nl.
BRANSCOMBE.—Maude Branscombe lives at Panrapp, N. J. We have heard nothing from her direction in the photographic line lately.
LEHMEN.—Manager Lehmen, of Syracuse, leaves for home to-night, having booked the leading stars and combination for his theatre.
NOTICE.—In order to secure an advantageous position in our columns, advertisements should be handed before 12 M. Wednesdays.
KIRALFY.—Bolosy Kiralfy arrived Sunday on the City of Berlin, and is making arrangements for next season. His brother Imre sailed July 15.
PALMER.—A. M. Palmer did not go to California last week, notwithstanding the positive information to the contrary that appeared in the daily papers.
RIGL.—Emily Rigl has been engaged to play leading business at Daly's Theatre next season. Her first hit was made under Augustin Daly's management.
BRICK.—Minnie Cummings, although she is a bad, bad actress, conducted herself like a brick during the false fire alarm scare at the Fifth Avenue Monday evening.
CUMMINGS.—Minnie Cummings' name ought to be changed by special act of the Legislature to Minnie Goings. It is suspected that she will not travel next season.
SARGENT.—H. J. Sargent is a frequent visitor at Dr. Tanner's starving seance in Thirteenth Street. H. J. is a wise 'un. He plays with the Muskegon Circuit next season.
MCALL.—Augustin Daly and Steele Mackaye are both negotiating for Lizzie McCall, with a view to securing her for next season. She would be invaluable to either party.
INGERSOLL.—Bob Ingersoll is passing a few weeks at Cape Ann, Mass. He will work during the campaign in the interest of Garfield, and after the election will return to his lecturing.
FAWCETT.—Edgar Fawcett, the author of A False Friend, has written a play which will be produced next season at the Boston Museum. It has the characteristic title Sixes and Sevens.
EARL.—Marion Earl will henceforth be known in the profession as Marion Howard. She comes from Chicago, and although but two seasons on the stage, is making rapid progress in her calling.
WORLD, FLESH AND DEVIL.—J. M. Hill has three dramatic attractions under his management next season: Den. Thompson,

The All the Rage Party, and T. De Witt Talmage. He pays the latter gentleman a certainty of \$1,200 a week.

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer intends spending a few days at the West End Hotel, Long Branch, next week.

TAYLOR.—One of the last things Tom Taylor wrote for Punch, if not the very last, was a complimentary and appreciative notice of Mme. Modjeska, in which he went out of his way to speak kindly of the American stage.

MONTGOMERY.—George Edgar Montgomery left for the White Mountains Tuesday, to spend his six weeks' vacation. The dramatic department of the Times during his absence will be conducted by a substitute.

A-FISHING.—Gus Mortimer and Fred Marsden are fishing for bass and pickerel at Scroon Lake. Gus writes that they have discarded "biled" shirts, and are luxuriating in fishing-boots, old pantaloons, and teneat straw hats.

LABLANCHE.—Blanche Lablanche (Blanche Davenport) has developed excellent ability as a painter. Several of the small works she has finished are said to be quite as good as many that are honored with space in the exhibitions.

THAYER.—Al Thayer, the dramatic man on the Cincinnati Enquirer, is in town with his wife, passing a brief vacation. His many friends in the profession are endeavoring to make his sojourn here as pleasant as possible. He paid us a friendly visit Monday.

SPECTACLE.—There seems to be a turn in the direction of spectacular drama for next season. The Kiralfys have their hands full preparing for the production of four pieces at Niblo's. Around the World will begin the season Sept. 1, and later on the much-talked of Black Venus will be brought forward in fine style—so Bolossy Kiralfy promises.

STRICKLAND.—W. H. Strickland desires us to say that he is not dead. He has been dangerously ill for thirteen weeks, but is now looking as well as ever. He will attend exclusively to the press and advertising departments of Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mr. Strickland has been connected with Mr. Haverly for a dozen years or more.

NEVER SUSPECTED.—It was never suspected that Connie Thompson was anything more or less than one of the most vivacious and exhilarating of soubrettes, but as the deserted wife, Alice, in the novelty at the Fifth Avenue, she has made a record as an emotional actress of unusual natural gifts and acquirements. Her scene in the ward of the Insane Asylum is finely acted throughout.

BOOTH.—A cablegram last Wednesday announced the safe arrival of Edwin Booth on the other side. He is now making his way through Ireland, and, according to his schedule, is probably at the Killarney Lakes, enjoying to the full the lovely scenery, balmy sun, copious showers and rich brogue characteristic of that delightful locality. Ireland finished, Mr. Booth will proceed via Scotland to London.

THORNTON.—Miss Adelaide Thornton has made a mark at the Fifth Avenue this week, in spite of the part she assumes, that of Lucy Templeton, a rapid, wayward and thoroughly accomplished fashionable sinner, whom the good girl of the play bullies with most unchristian-like zest. Miss Thornton is fine-looking and dresses with taste. Moreover, she speaks and acts with intelligence. She would be an acquisition to a theatre with a stock company.

RAVEL.—Mollie Ravel, whose picture we publish this week, is the soubrette of Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, a position she has held with distinction for two years. She has accepted a large offer to join the Favorites with Mrs. Oates, next season. Although she has already attained prominence in the profession, she is quite young. Her first two seasons on the stage were passed under the management of Mrs. John Drew, to whose excellent advice and direction she owes much of the success with which she has met. The San Francisco press is enthusiastic over her acting, and say it will be difficult to satisfactorily supply the place she leaves vacant.

—M. B. Leavitt's Grand English Opera Burlesque company is now completed as follows: M. B. Leavitt, sole proprietor and manager; Marcus R. Mayer, business manager; Abe Leavitt, treasurer; James A. Meade, stage manager; Prof. Frank Musgrove, musical director; B. D. Hughes, scenic artist; Richard Hope, machinist; Chas. B. Wood, properties; comedians, James A. Meade, Mat Robinson, George Raymond, J. W. Bradbury, N. C. Garland; prima donna, Mme. Selma Delaro; vocalists and specialists, Clara Lefevre, Adelaide Praeger, Daisy Ramsden, Alma Stanley, Fanny Wentworth, Marie Williams, Florence Chalgrove, Minnie Marchall, Camille D'Elmar, Topsy Vere, Gertie Campbell, Maude St. Clair, Persis Hope, Alice Brook, Catherine Cooper and Isabel Tower. In addition, there will be a fine character ballet of twelve ladies, and several European specialties never before seen in America. Mr. Leavitt left Liverpool July 21, in the steamship Egypt. The company sail August 11 and make their inaugural appearance at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre Sept. 11.

THE USHER.

Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet. LOVE'S LABOR'S LOSS.

It is too bad that Raymond was handicapped Monday night in London by an English company. There was no excuse whatever for such a bad arrangement. Raymond should have carried the principal part of his support over with him, and relied on gathering together the balance in England. There are bevy of actors abroad this summer, and from their number an excellent support could have been easily picked. It is ridiculous to entertain the idea for a moment that a company of English players could aid Mr. Raymond in giving a proper delineation of the strictly American types of character which Mark Twain introduced into The Gilded Age. Nor do I think that had our famous comedian appeared under the happiest auspices, and supported by his own countrymen that Colonel Sellers would have created much of a furor. Aside from the trashiness of the play, and the lack of interest surrounding everything in it except its central character, it is made up of matters too essentially and intensely American to commend it to the favor of the English public. Only cognizant of the general run of our political affairs, how could it be expected that they should understand, much less appreciate, the keen satire with which "The Gilded Age" fairly brims over. The London public seem to have received Raymond himself very well; but they are not so used to seeing stars with apologies for plays as we Yankees are, and so the result was not altogether unlooked-for among reflective people.

And speaking of Raymond's fiasco, how Billy Florence must be quaking in his boots! And how he will continue to quake until the Hon. Bardwell Slope's fate is decided in London! The dispatches say that he is having The Mighty Dollar revised by a competent dramatist, and put into better shape for presentation. Florence's creation is broader and funnier than that of Raymond, and his piece is several degrees more like an acting play. The chances are, therefore, in favor of his success.

There is quite a complicated history concerning the flying women that are to visit the States this Summer—one under George Conquest's direction, and the other under the management of Tompkins & Hill of Boston. I understand that each claims his "Arielite" as the original who recently created an sensation in London. It seems, however, that neither is the distinguished person in question. The true facts of the matter are these: Dando, a clever man in his way, is the inventor of the apparatus by which a human being is made to soar through the air seemingly at will, and without visible means of support. He brought forward his wife, whom he called Ariel, at Canterbury Hall, London, a year since, when the novelty and ingeniousness of the trick captured the town, and drew crowds of people to witness the wonder. The wife being taken ill, Dando replaced her by his wife's sister, who was even more clever than her predecessor. This young woman assumed the same name, Ariel, as that formerly used by Dando's wife. Upon the recovery of Madame Dando the husband and inventor took her to Paris, rechristened her Enea, leaving the sister to continue her performances in London. Paris went into raptures over the pretty illusion, which was introduced in a ballet called the "Golden Flies," and the prosperous Dando immediately received and accepted an advantageous offer to take Enea to Vienna, there to remain the whole of next season. A New York manager in the meantime saw Enea and desired to secure her for America. She falling ill, her director offered to instruct a ballet-girl to come over in her stead, but the proposal was not considered, as our managers did not desire merely an imitation. Whether Messrs. Tompkins & Hill or George Conquest have secured this once deceived young woman remains to be seen.

Col. W. D. Barnes, traveling manager of the New York Mirror, is spending a few days in London, and purposes making a tour on the Continent in the interest of his paper. If we do not mistake, THE MIRROR published a letter reflecting on the management of the Lotos Club in London, which has caused that institution much annoyance; and perhaps Col. Barnes may satisfy himself now he is in London that the Lotos is a well-conducted Club; very scrupulous, so much so that about a thousand are said to have been black-balled; for it has become the fashion, and there is a rush for membership. Many noblemen belong to the Club, which is said to be a charming rendezvous; how long to continue so remains to be seen.

The above clipping is taken from a recent number of the Anglo-American, published in London. Our English contemporary has gone astray so far as attributing to THE MIRROR the publication of any such article as that referred to above is concerned. It is rather strange that this error should have been made, as it is well known in the English metropolis that the New York MIRROR is the only exclusively dramatic journal in this city, and that consequently we have not the space—even if we had the will—to devote to matters other than those directly affecting the stage. As far as I know, the Lotos is a well conducted and highly reputable club of gentlemen, that stands as well as our esteemed contemporary says it does, but its internal affairs are assuredly none of ours, and in no way do they come within the prov-

ince of THE MIRROR to discuss. The Anglo-American has made a mistake which I trust in justice to us it will correct.

DEAR MR. FISKE: I am just starting for Saratoga and I have scarcely a moment. I have signed for the Madison Square next season, but I intend to star season after next. My mother's health prevents me from starting or visiting Europe for another year. In haste, truly yours,

FREDERICK PAULING.
So I was right in my estimate of Mr. Paulding's character when I wrote a short time ago that his head had not been turned by success and adulation. In the Madison Square Theatre company Mr. Paulding will find that which he needs—a good, healthy school, that will develop his undoubted talent, and put in his possession a knowledge of the subtleties and technique of the profession, which might not otherwise be acquired in years. He probably will not have the chance to play a long round of parts under Mr. Mackaye's management, but he will have the opportunity to show New York, under the best circumstances, just what he is made of. I hope for great things from this young man in the future.

Hermann, the Great, (the thank heaven! Only, was asked by one of his friends last week to walk through a crowd of actors standing in front of the Union Place Hotel, and, by exercising his slight-of-hand adroitness, pretend to pick up a half dollar from beneath their feet. Hermann refused flatly. "Dey would lufe on me," said he. "Dis is Summer. Dere is not a hate dollar in the crowd."

More truth than poetry in that speech.

The profession should study with interest Dr. Tanner's starving experiment at Clarendon Hall. What a day it will be when an actor can pass his summer vacation without anxiety respecting that bug-bear, the boarding-house keeper, or the source from whence the next square meal is to come. What a vista of contentment and happiness will open up when the system of fasting will have been brought to such a state of perfection that the loungers on the Square will lay in a hearty dinner at the close of the regular season in June, and then postpone eating until the commencement of the following campaign in September. Glorious prospect!

What came near being a serious panic occurred at the Fifth Avenue theatre Monday night, during the third act of Suspected. The house was crowded with nervous dead-heads, on whom the thrilling masterpiece of Miss Cummings had wrought a terrible effect, and they were ready, upon any reasonable excuse that might offer, to get out. It came in the shape of a fire engine which rushed past the open door, drowning the voices of the people on the stage at the time, and filling the air with the harsh clang of its bell. The passage of the engine set the entire audience on the qui vive, and when this was followed by a detachment of shouting urchins, some idiot, who deserved to be strung up to the nearest lamp-post, shouted at the top of his lungs "Fire!" A scene of the wildest sort of excitement immediately ensued. The actors stood stock still on the stage as if petrified, but a surging mass of furious people crowded into the aisles and made for the doors. Men stood up and shouted, "Sit down," forgetful of the advice they were giving to the others. A number of brave dramatic critics snatched up their hats and put for the doors. The women were braver than the men; although they betrayed their fear by their pale, scared faces, as a general thing they retained their seats, and set a praiseworthy example to the alleged stronger sex. At this critical moment Billy Birch and W. H. Strickland, who were seated side by side, began applauding vigorously. Their plan succeeded, and in a moment, just as Operi's orchestra began courageously to play a popular air, a deafening round of applause rolled over the audience. This had the effect of reassuring the frightened ones, and they returned chafffallen to their seats, and a serious calamity was perhaps averted. The attaches in the front of the house seemed wholly undisciplined, and they made no concerted effort to stop the rush that was made for the street.

Miss Cummings says that the affair was a plot, gotten up by some conspirators on Union Square, to crush her genius. She told me yesterday that she had already taken steps to institute legal proceedings against the perpetrators who are known to her. She darkly hinted in addition to this that she would shortly sue Mr. Townsend Percy, the inoffensive young man who does dramatic work on the Star, for malicious libel, because he stated that a large number of people left the theatre disgusted with Suspected, after the first act. The talented authoress and brilliant young emotional actress, who in another column advertises that she is "hunted down by the press," has a regular brood of similar suits against the unfortunate men who made uncomplimentary remarks about their performance, which shall be fought out on legal battlefield to the death. Am I included among the "captious critics" who have "combined to crush?" (For answer to this query see article under heading "The Week at the Theatres.")

THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"The Play's the thing."—HAMLET.
A "first-night" at this season of the year is rather a rare occurrence, but the production of Minnie Cummings's Suspected drama at the Fifth Avenue, Monday night, was richly "rare" in more senses than one. At noon there was not a seat to be had at the box-office for love or money—they had all been given away. The audience that assembled therefore to witness the initial performance of the Suspected play was large in point of numbers, and unlimited in point of good humor. It was understood that the management, in order to avoid the unprofitable annoyance of having the performance gratuitously discussed by a hundred critics on the Square Tuesday morning, had issued a rigorous mandate barring the admittance of the profession. For some reason or other the edict was not enforced, and at eight o'clock the orchestra and balcony seats were thronged with nearly every actor and actress who happened to be in the city. As it afterward turned out, Minnie Cummings had reason to be grateful that her audience partook so generously of this "complimentary" quality, for had there been many present who had been beguiled into investing \$1.50 each for an opportunity to study her and her play, the house would have stood in imminent danger of being sacked of its contents.—Miss C. included.

The most remarkable features of the Suspected drama were its vagueness and its grammatical inaccuracies; while the most remarkable qualities of the Suspected star were a superfluity of misdirected energy and a thorough ignorance of her business. There was an impression current that the affair would be a faint reproduction of the time when the Count Joannes made money and an ass of himself at the Lyceum theatre, but those who were venturesome enough to undergo a hot night in a theatre and a five-act drama with this hope of reward were sadly disappointed. The piece was not quite bad enough to excite fun, nor good enough to be interesting. It was simply stupid. The plot is supposed to be based upon a number of thrilling incidents which either occurred in the life of Minnie Cummings herself or came directly under her observation. It is too trashy and too complex to be worth repeating, but its laudable bent is evidently to expose and crush out several vices of our social system. From the habits and manners of the people to whom she introduces us, we should imply that Miss Cummings is either very ignorant of modern society, or has been unfortunate enough to have studied a phase which is outside the pale of reform, and which is quite out of place on the stage. The dialogue betrays an ingenious want of knowledge on the part of the authoress of the very first principles of English grammar. A dramatist, even though a reformer of modern society and a lady, should decidedly be up in a chapter or two of Lindley Murray or Brown. Strange as it may seem, it is absolutely indisputable to the success of a playwright that he or she should know that literary people have strong predilection against the use of singular verbs with plural substantives, and vice versa.

The poor people whose unfortunate lot it was to support Miss Cummings were, with one or two exceptions, in the same box as their leading actress. A cursory glance at their names on the programme failed to recognize many of them; and from the beautifully poetic softness they manifested, the theory that they were the nuns de theatre of a number of amateurs seemed reasonable. The acting of these people bore out this supposition. A society villain with a marvelous wig, a cigar, and a titled title; a good young man who solemnly loved the heroine, and industriously though funnily struck attitudes for five acts; and a number of other unhappy ones were all classed in the same category as the star. Jennie Yeamans brightened up the gloom that shrouded the suspicious play and its cast, by introducing a number of popular songs, a couple of neat dances, and some banjo playing. She hit the mark and the risibilities of the audience, when, in speaking of her mistress, (Miss Cummings), she said: "I think there's something loose about my Missy." Quite an unexpected bit of good acting was given by Connie Thompson, which the people in front were quick to recognize. Bessie Byrne and Adelaide Thornton deserve a word of commendation.

Miss Cummings may succeed as a sort of female successor to the late George Jones, but as a star—a real serious star—she hasn't the ghost of a chance. Her ability as a writer might be used in the direction of the Family Story Paper or the Saturday Night, but elsewhere, we fear, her efforts cannot be appreciated. Retirement to the "modern society" with which she appears to be familiar, and from which she was untimely snatched and placed on the stage, is decidedly the best course for Miss Cummings, erst the brilliant young emotional actress, to pursue in the near future.

Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre will reopen next Monday night with the Stewarts, a family of clever English people consisting of three ladies, Doby, Maggie, and Nellie Stewart, and R. M. Stewart. They are making a tour around the world, and the English and Australian press commends their entertainment highly. The piece in which they will make their bow to a New York audience is called Rainbow Revels,

and is a sort of English cousin to The Tourists. Mimicry, music, and farcical comedy form its principal features. While the doors of Haverly's have been temporarily closed the carpenters, painters and upholsterers have been at work renovating and improving both the auditorium and exterior. Voegtlin has painted a new drop-curtain, the subject of which is to be kept a profound secret until it is first exposed to public view Monday night, but those that know say it will be as pretty in comparison as its predecessor was unsightly. The Fourteenth street front has been given a fresh coat of paint, the ceiling of the interior has been handsomely frescoed in a manner that is an improvement on the old, while it is in perfect accord with the general style of the house. New carpets are being laid, and the seats re-upholstered.

Hazel Kirke will continue at the Madison Square until August 23, when Gillette's Professor will be produced for the first time in New York. The regular season will commence about October 1.—Willie Edoum's Sparks company will open a supplementary season at the Bijou Opera House early in August.—The date for the opening of the Standard has been set down for August 23, when Shannon's Golden Game, with George Edeson, will be played.—Smith & Mestayer's Tourists will open Fifth Avenue August 23. They have proved themselves harbinger of good luck to Manager Haverly before. The Conquest Troupe at Wallack's commence their midsummer season the 16th. of next month. The regular campaign begins at Haverly's Fourteenth street house August 30.—A new play will be the attraction at Daly's August 23 adapted by the manager himself. Emily Rigi will be assigned the leading role.—The Comique enters the field with another farcical comedy from Harrigan's pen the second week in August.—Gunter's Two Nights in Rome will be done next week. Miss Grainger has already secured the principal people for her support.—Sol Smith Russell's Edgewood Folks will be produced August 23. By these announcements it will be seen that light vaudeville and musical comedy forms the balance of the opening attractions.—Haverly's Genuine Minstrels are playing to fair business considering the season and the weather. Darkies and warm weather are popularly supposed to be an unenviable combination.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Fanny Herring is at Salisbury, Conn.
—Lucille Western's mother, Mrs. English, is ill.
—Daly's company return home Monday next.
—George Clarke goes to the Madison Square next Fall.
—It is probable that Barry Sullivan will pay us a visit next year.
—Brignoli replaces Tom Karl next season in the Abbott Opera troupe.
—Robson and Crane will add Twelfth Night to their repertoire next season.
—John Dillon has taken The Electric Light, the play that Minnie Farrell has.
—Emmet will play at the Grand Opera House on his return from Europe in August.
—John Jack and Annie Firmin are in town, after an extended trip through Australia.
—Edwin Booth will not act under John Sleeper Clarke's management in London.
—Add Ryman will introduce into A Flock of Geese some new specialties and effects.
—D. R. Young has been engaged to play heavy business with Milton Nobles next season.
—Geo. De Vere and wife, Nellie Mortimer, go with the False Friend Company next Fall.
—Lillian Spencer makes her metropolitan debut at Haverly's Fifth Avenue next November.
—Emma Carson goes with Gill's Goblins next season, replacing sweet-voiced Amy Gordon.
—Charles Roberts has been giving readings and recitations at Congress Hall, Saratoga.
—Ada Gilman and Georgie D. ew are secured for the Criterion Comedy company next season.
—Haverly's Bedott party will play a return trip from California, arriving in St. Louis Oct. 4.
—Fitzgerald and Lytell have abandoned their intention of playing Around the World next season.
—Henry Tissington has been paying Stuart Robson a visit at his summer residence, Cohasset.
—Dan Waldron has severed his connection with the Big Four, and will fly with A Flock of Geese next season.
—Ernest Bertram (old men, eccentric comedy and character) may be addressed at No. 1513 Vine street, Philadelphia.
—Prof. J. B. Roberts, the Philadelphia tragedian and elocutionist, is spending the Summer at Jamestown, N. Y.
—Grace Cartland has refused several offers to travel as leading lady, preferring to wait for a New York opening.
—A. M. Palmer's False Friend combination, under William Palmer's direction, has time filled to February, 1881.
—In the poem "The Dead Actor," by Richard Foote, which was published last week, the word "books" should read "looks."
—John Whallen, manager Buckingham Theatre Louisville, Ky., has been in the city for a few days. He returns home Thursday.
—Dr. Hooper has leased the Jersey City Academy of Music, and will present only the highest class of attractions under his management.
—Charles A. Davis goes out as advance agent for Nick Roberts next season. Mr. Davis has attended to Bob Ingersoll's business in the past.
—W. H. Strickland, general advertising agent for Mr. Haverly, is on a business and pleasure trip to Boston, Lowell, Providence, Newport, Rocky Point and Martha's Vineyard.

THE PLAYS OF TOM TAYLOR.

HIS POSITION AMONG ENGLISH WRITERS FOR THE STAGE—A LIST OF HIS CHIEF DRAMAS AND A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THEIR SOURCES—HIS HISTORICAL DRAMAS.

[“J. E. M.” in New York Times.]

It is less than a year since the veteran dramatist Buckstone was removed from the world's stage; and it is but a few days since those other veterans, his contemporaries, Planche and Brougham, departed this life. And now to the melancholy list one more name must be added, that of Tom Taylor. Among the many able and popular playwrights of this century, Tom Taylor has long held a foremost place; and when we come to compare him with some of his associates—especially with Brougham and Boucicault, whose names are naturally suggested by his own—I think it will be found that his work ranks higher than theirs. I will make the attempt in this article to gauge the value of his labors, which have been both underrated and overrated; and this will lead me to consider his claim as an “original” dramatist, and the much mooted charge that he was, in fact, nothing more than a clever adapter—a brain-worker in other men's brains. These matters aside, it must be admitted that Taylor's popularity has been during the last fifteen years genuine and widespread. He began what may justly be termed his vocation—for he had several avocations at a late date of his life, though it is not true that his taste for the stage and the drama was a growth of after-time. This taste was marked in his boyhood; but no effort was made by its possessor to develop it until he was past 30. The fact itself is singular, and it should be an encouraging one to those who falsely imagine that a wasted youth must needs be the prelude of a barren maturity. One observes, in looking over Taylor's life, that his 63 years covered the three dramatic periods of our century in England. The playwrights of his younger days were men like Shiel, Milman, Talfourd, Knowles, and Bulwer; he, himself, with Brougham, Planche, Boucicault, Jerrold, and a few others, represent the second period; while the third is ably sustained by Gilbert, Byron, Wills, and other contemporaries. These periods, though vaguely defined in a literary sense, have distinctive marks of their own; and each group of dramatists is made up of individuals who resemble one another more or less strictly. Like most of the popular playwrights of the century, Tom Taylor was a writer for the stage, not at once a writer for the stage and for the library; his plays were meant to be seen, not to be read. Yet he was to a limited degree a literary man, and in one of his prefaces he declares boldly that every good drama should be interesting to the reader as well as to the spectator. In a few cases he tried to put his precept into practice, but I need not assure those who are familiar with his best work that he failed for the most part to live up to his teaching. Again, like the majority of his successful contemporaries, he sought chiefly to find out the secret of theatre effect, neglecting, in his efforts toward this important end, that profounder secret of style, which adds literary and permanent value to the drama.

Three recent dramatists—two dead and one living—have combined these elements of the best play-writing, effect and style; Robertson, Planche and Gilbert, all of whom showed from the beginning that they possessed individualities. But a writer, endowed with an individuality of his own, is in the highest sense original; and Tom Taylor, even if he had never been accused of seeking plots and characters in foreign plays, could not be fitly described as original in this sense. More honest, more able, more genuine than Mr. Boucicault, he was at bottom just as conventional. He constructed some fine plays, made several ingenious adaptations, drew many striking characters, and wrote much good dialogue; but, in spite of his distinction and his success, he advanced no fresh ideas, gave no strong impetus to the stage, and has left upon the records of his time a purely negative impression. Little as I admire the soft and sleek comedies of the late Mr. Robertson, I recognize in the work of that dramatist a spirit which is new and a style which is essentially his own. In Mr. Gilbert's dramatic compositions one finds, in still fuller measure, an individuality which colors the writer's fancy and directs his language. The burlesques and fairy pieces of Mr. Planche are, in a different fashion, equally original. These dramatists may be imitated; but one cannot imitate a Boucicault or a Tom Taylor any more than one can imitate a poet whose verse is good without being distinctive. There are charming things in the world which are easily admired and as easily forgotten; there are also charming things which, once admired, can never be forgotten. So with books and plays; so with the shifts and changes of life. I have seen hundreds of sunsets, and recall but three or four of them; I have read scores of plays, and recall but a small fraction of the number. A note of originality in any work is a certain sound, like the ring of pure metal. In these days an original dramatist is so rare a bird that, when one is found flying in our woods, it is best not to frighten him. Yet we have a host of turkey-cocks who call their plays “original” simply—O! divine spirit of Shakespeare!—because they are not stolen, and we have other strutters who seem to glory in knavery.

Tom Taylor, then, was not an original man. He had no genius, no strength of imagination, no particular literary instinct. On the other hand, his knowledge of literature was ample, he had the inquiring faculties of a scholar, he was a learned dramatic critic and an excellent writer on art, he possessed the theatrical sense in a very high degree, and he had to boot a good deal of useful, British talent. He admired the

stage, he appreciated its limitations, and he was not out of sympathy with his public. He was, therefore, well equipped for his services as a popular playwright. He began his career as a dramatist by imitating Planche and collaborating with Albert Smith and Charles Kenny. His first regular play was a farce, *The Trip to Kissingen*, which he wrote in partnership with a college friend, then fresh, like Taylor, from Trinity. “This piece,” says the dramatist, “was knocked off at a breath, literally a day's work, my collaborator holding the pen, suggesting and supplying while I dictated.” His first notable plays were *Parents and Guardians*, *Plot and Passion*, and *Still Waters Run Deep*. *Retribution*, *The House or the Home*, and *Up at the Hills*, all of which were written for the late Alfred Wigan, the original De Neuville, John Milmay and Count Pruli.

However, it is not my purpose to trace here the course and progress of the dramatist, for such work belongs rather to biography than to criticism. During his active period of about 25 years, he wrote more than 100 plays, one-half of which are still partially remembered, and two score of which still sustain his reputation. I have gathered together the titles of his best-known dramas, comedies and farces, and subjoin them in the following mixed order: *To Parents and Guardians*, *Plot and Passion*, *Still Waters Run Deep*, *Retribution*, *The House or the Home*, *Up at the Hills*, *Nice Firm*, *The Victims*, *Narcisse*, *To Oblige Benson*, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, *Mary Warner*, *The Hidden Hand*, *New Men and Old Acres*, *Henry Dunbar*, *The Ticket-of-Leave-Man*, *Our American Cousin*, *The Overland Route*, *Lady Clancarty*, *Twixt Axe and Crown*, *Jeanne D'Arc*, *Anne Boleyn*, *Arkwright's Wife*, *The Fool's Revenge*, *The Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *Settling Day*, *The Sert*, *A Sister's Penance*, *Masks and Faces*, *Two Loves and a Life*, *The King's Rival*, *History*, *Babes in the Wood*, *The Brigand and the Banker*, *The Duke in Difficulties*, *Scenes and Sensation*, *Dogenes and His Lantern*, *The Philosopher's Stone*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Our Clerks*, *Slave Life*, *Little Red Ridinghood*, *Blighted Being*, *Going to the Bad*, *A Trip to Kissingen*, *Helping Hands*, *Prince Doras*, *Love and Life*, *Nine Points of the Law*, *The Christmas Dinner*, *Pavilion Demand*, and *The Tale of Two Cities*.

Here are fifty-three plays, most of which have been acted with success. This is a good showing, and proves how industrious and popular a playwright Tom Taylor was. To illustrate further the precise quality of his talents I cannot do better than point out the sources of these plays, several of which were based upon foreign works, a few upon novels and historical incidents, others of which were written in collaboration with various authors. *Plot and Passion* was suggested partially by the subject of *Fouche* and his employment of fashionable women as spies and decoys; Taylor's attention was called to the subject of Mr. John Laing, whose name was for this slight reason associated in the authorship of the play. The reader of *Plot and Passion* cannot fail to be struck, by the way, with the resemblance between the drift of this strong drama and that of Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme*. *Still Waters Run Deep* is based upon Charles de Bernard's charming little story “*Le Gendreau*.” *Retribution* is likewise founded upon one of de Bernard's tales, “*La Peine du Talion*.” *The House or the Home* is an adaptation of Octave Feuillet's *Le Petit dans la Demeure*. *Narcisse* is an adaptation of Herr Brachvogel's play of the same title. *To Oblige Benson* is a free working over of a bright little French piece, *Un Service à Blanchard*. *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, a delightful and, curiously enough, thoroughly English play, is founded upon Mme. Girardin's *Une Femme Qui Deteste Son Mari*, just as Mr. Boucicault's thoroughly Irish play *Kerry* is founded upon the same author's comedietta *La Joie fait Peur*. *Mary Warner*, which is one of Tom Taylor's unpublished dramas, is based upon an episode in a novel by William Gilbert. *The Hidden Hand* is a free adaptation of *L'Aleu*, a melodrama by Messrs. Demery and Edmond. *New Men and Old Acres* was written in collaboration with Mr. Augustus W. Dubourg. *Henry Dunbar* is based upon Miss Bondon's popular novel. *The Ticket-of-Leave-Man* is an adaptation of Leonard, a well known French melodrama by Messrs. Nus and Brisbarre; but the adaptation is much stronger than the original piece. *Our American Cousin*, in its early shape, was suggested by the story of a young American backwoodsman whom Sir Edward Poore, one of Taylor's friends, came across during a hunting expedition in the West. *The Overland Route* was suggested by an actual incident of the wreck of a homeward-bound Oriental and Peninsular steamship in the Red Sea. *Twixt Axe and Crown* was suggested by Mme. Birch Pfeiffer's Elizabeth, *Prinzessin von England*, a German drama in six acts; the beginning and the end of the two plays are identical, but otherwise they differ materially. *Jeanne D'Arc* is founded on the true story of this supreme heroine's life as narrated in the volumes edited by M. Quicherat and published by the Société de l'Histoire de France. *Arkwright's Wife* was suggested by a story, “*Joan Merryweather*,” part of a collection of tales by Miss Katherine Saunders and her father, John Saunders. *The Fool's Revenge* is based upon the situation of the jester and his daughter in Victor Hugo's repulsive drama, *Le Roi s'Amuse*, and upon an incident in the history of the Italian Republics. *The Contested Election* was suggested by the revelation of the St. Alban's election proceedings. *A Sister's Penance*, like *New Men and Old Acres*, was written in collaboration with Augustus W. Dubourg. *Masks and Faces* was written in collaboration with Charles Reade, as were also *The King's Rival* and *Two Loves and a Life*. *The Brigand and the Banker* is based upon an incident in Edmond About's celebrated novel, “*Le Roi de la Montagne*.” *The Duke in Difficulties* was suggested by a story published in Blackwood's Magazine. *A Trip to Kissingen*, as already stated, was due to a collaboration. *Nine Points of the Law* was suggested by *Savage's Clover Cottage*. *The Christmas Dinner* is based upon *Je Dine Chez ma Mere*. *The Tale of Two Cities* is a dramatization of one of Dickens's stories.

About a dozen of the plays mentioned in the foregoing list are therefore, strictly adaptations or dramatizations; and if we leave out of account the few words written in collaboration it will be seen that over thirty plays among the fifty and more whose titles I have given, may be placed wholly to the credit of Tom Taylor. This examination of his labors nearly bears out, I judge, the claim which he advances in the introduction to his collected historical dramas: “As I have sometimes been spoken of by critics more confident than well-informed, as one whose work has always been that of an adapter rather than an inventor, it may be worth while to say here, in the first edition of any of my plays likely to reach other than professional read-

ers, that of more than 100 pieces which I have given to the stage less than one-tenth have been adaptations from foreign plays or stories.” Let us be just to a man of real talent, and in view of present customs and hypocrisies, a man of unusual honesty. In showing wherein Tom Taylor was not a writer of genius, yet wherein he was, more truly than the world supposes, a writer of much invention, perhaps I have done some slight service to his memory. What a pity it is that he lacked the qualities of a great dramatist while possessing all the qualities of a great playwright!

The distinction suggested in this last sentence may be fully understood and verified by those who will give themselves the trouble to read the seven plays contained in the volume known as Tom Taylor's “*Historical Dramas*.” It was Taylor's intention, and it is to be hoped that this intention will be fulfilled by his executors, to select from among all his writings about a score of his dramas, comedies and farces, and to present these to the reading public in three literary volumes. The first of these volumes was to contain seven historical dramas, the second the best of his romantic plays, and the third several lighter pieces. The first volume is published, and the author has died before the issue of its successors. Of the one now in the public's hands I will write a few closing words, and trust it shall be my duty and pleasure to say something in due time of the two still withheld. The book in question contains the following plays: *The Fool's Revenge*, *Jeanne D'Arc*, *Twixt Axe and Crown*, *Lady Clancarty*, *Arkwright's Wife*, *Anne Boleyn* and *Plot and Passion*. All of these plays may, I think, be termed original, using the word “original” in its later and perverted sense; as synonymous, in brief, with “not stolen.” Most of them, as already shown, are based upon incidents or suggestions sought either in plays or novels; but they are worked out independently, and in their construction, writing, and character drawing are essentially Tom Taylor's dramas. Even *The Fool's Revenge* is, in my judgment, an independent drama in spite of the constantly repeated assertions to the contrary. I have compared, however, the French text of Hugo's play with the English text of Taylor's, and may claim the right in consequence to speak ex cathedra. *Bertuccio* is, in many respects, a reproduction or imitation of Hugo's *Triboulet*, but the motive and the story of the one are not the motive and the story of the other.

In general, the impression made by these collected dramas upon the reader is purely negative: one recognizes the ability which has shaped them, the fine constructive power which is their most distinctive merit, the keen sense of theatrical movement and effect which is displayed in the unfolding of the plots, and in the employment of situation and climax. Several of the characters are also depicted with decided skill, as, for instance, *Bertuccio* in *The Fool's Revenge*, *La Hire* in *Jeanne D'Arc*, *Bishop Gardener* in *Twixt Axe and Crown*, *Lord Clancarty* and his wife in *Clancarty*, *Fouche* in *Plot and Passion*, and two or three others. Occasionally, also, the dialogue in these dramas is fresh and idiomatic—at moments almost powerful. But these merits are slight when compared with the defects and weaknesses of the same works. Throughout them all one observes a painful disproportion between purpose and accomplishment, between the aim of the writer and the measure of his talent. There is nothing here of the intellectual vigor, romantic energy and poetic inspiration which breathe a flood of life into the pages of Shelley's “*Cenci*,” into the plays of Sir Henry Taylor, and into the irregular, yet fiery, dramas of Robert Browning. Tom Taylor strove to write historical plays on great historical subjects; a man of talent, he sought to do the work of a man of genius. Essentially a playwright, he aspired to the title of a dramatist. So earnest and honest was he in this endeavor that he employed blank verse in four of these plays, and managed at rare moments to imitate the Shakespearean pauses; but his verse is very poor, prosaic stuff; and he seemed to realize this fact, for he says somewhere—and a better joke has never been printed in Punch, a humorous journal which he edited with little humor—that his blank verse was written to be spoken, not to be read! Why he did not stick to prose, which is the best medium for prosaic folk, it is hard to see. His *Jeanne D'Arc* and *Anne Boleyn* are, in spite of their ten acts of well-ordered bustle, colorless and theatrical, while *Twixt Axe and Crown* is little better. *Arkwright's Wife* is, I think, the finest and most original play in the volume, and presents the author's talent in its most favorable light. *Plot and Passion* is a strong acting play, crammed with exciting episodes and climaxes, and *Lady Clancarty* tells an interesting story, which is also ingeniously treated. *The Fool's Revenge* is, as everyone knows, highly effective upon the stage, and so long as we have among us an actor capable of representing Bertuccio, will probably hold its place among stock pieces. Such, in brief, is my impression of these collected plays—an impression which justifies the distinction already made in the use of the terms playwright and dramatist.

My Landlady's Nose.

O'er the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret—
Despondence and grief ne'er lessened them
By a thought.

Then a fig for the world! let it come as it goes—
I'll sing to the praise of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position—
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose—
Success to the bulk of my landlady's nose.

To jewelers' shops let your ladies repair
For trinkets and nick-nacks to give them an air;
Her diving carbuncles, a score of them glow
On the big missey sides of my landlady's nose.

Old Patrick McDougherty when on the fiddle,
Pulls out a cigar, and looks up to her noddle;
For McDougherty swears, when he swigs a good dose,
By Marjory's firebrand, my landlady's nose.

Ye wisthy-wash buttermilk drinkers so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold;
Here's red burning Brna; a mountain of snows
Wouldn't burn down in streams from my landlady's nose.

Each cavern profound of this snuff-blowing
Is furnish'd within, sir, as well as without;
O'er the brown upper lip such a cordial flows—
O, the cordial brown drops of my landlady's nose.

But gods! when this trunk with an uplifted arm
She grips in the dish-cloth to blow an alarm,
Horns, trumpets, conches are but screaming
To the loud thundering twang of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum, a fountain of pleasure;
If I want for a laugh to discur all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

“MEFISTOFELE.”

THE PRODUCTION IN LONDON OF BOITO'S NEW OPERA—A REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

Mefistofele, by Arrigo Boito, was produced in London at Her Majesty's, on the night of July 6. Col. Mapleson had promised the opera for New York last season. The composer came to London to superintend the production of his work, and he brought with him Signor Nanetti, a celebrated basso, to give in London his remarkable delineation of the character of Mephisto. The opera began at eight, Signor Arditri conducting, and ended at midnight. Mr. Mapleson's attempt to induce the audience to be in their seats before the playing of the overture was a failure, and his intimation that late comers would have to wait until the prologue was finished before being admitted to their seats was not carried into effect.

THE COMPOSER.

Before giving you descriptions of the opera, a few words about Signor Boito himself, of whom a critic this morning says: “In March, 1868, the amateurs of Milan were invited to go to the Scala and pass judgment upon a new opera called *Mefistofele*, written, both words and music, by a young man named Arrigo Boito. The composer, although no previous work stood to his credit or discredit, was not exactly an obscure man, but what the Milanese public knew of him could scarcely have been a recommendation to minds prejudiced against change. After leaving the Conservatory in 1862, at the close of nine years' training, Boito started as a musical critic and poet, attracting notice in both capacities by the vigor and boldness of his work. The young man's motto seems to have been that of Danton, “*Laudare, encore Laudare, et toujours Laudare*,” and the publication of a poem, “*Il Re Orso*,” succeeded in drawing to him the regards both of the friends and enemies of innovation. All this time it may have been thought that he had abandoned the idea of practising music, whereas in reality he was slowly and surely perfecting a remarkable opera. Boito addressed himself with ardor to *Mefistofele*, and the Milanese were substantially called upon to declare whether the musical labors of seven years had or had not been wasted. They pronounced an adverse verdict without hesitation. But Boito had more sense than to abandon musical composition because of a first failure. Besides completing an opera on the subject of *Hero and Leander*, he overhauled *Mefistofele* and made important changes. The first version was a great deal too prolix and disconnected, as will readily be understood when we say that it contained, besides what is now presented, the prologue in the theatre, the gold scene in the imperial palace and the fantastical business in which Helen and Paris are involved, while the battle between the true and false Emperors was described by an intermezzo sung with chorus after the fourth act. All this Boito cut away with a ruthless hand, modifying other parts and taking as much care to conciliate public opinion as conscience would allow. His judgment, not less than his genius, was soon triumphantly vindicated. *Bolognina*, the Italian home of musical liberalism, accepted the amended work, and produced it at the Teatro Comunale Oct. 4, 1875, with the greatest possible good fortune, the principal artists being Mme. Bongi Manni, Signor Campanini and Signor Nanetti. More than twenty times was the composer called before the curtain to hear Bolognina reverse the verdict of Milan and to see his opera placed high among the masterpieces, honored by a public singularly proud of its advanced tastes.

THE MUSIC.

As regards the music of the new work, the critic of the Times thus records his impression: “The work is one of very high gift. We do not call it a masterpiece. There are in the opening chorus, in the *Kermesse* scene and in the *Walpurgis* night, passages which, at least at a first hearing, appeared crude, not to say ugly. On the other hand, we have entire scenes for which mastery is the only adequate epithet. Such, for instance, is the garden scene, which, even after Gounod's supreme effort, leaves a deep impression on the mind; also the death of Margaret, full of melody and tenderest pathos. Again, the *Walpurgis* night is, as a whole, conceived in the spirit of weird romanticism which Goethe foreshadowed; and the humor of the fugue which accompanies the unearthly revel is worthy of Berlioz himself. That Signor Boito is in most cases capable of rising to the dramatic height of the situation is an undeniable fact; but he does not for that reason sacrifice melodious beauty to declamatory effect. His score is indeed full of broad and beautiful melody, and, what is more, of distinctly Italian melody. The latter feature appears to us of special importance. If Signor Boito were merely an imitator of Wagner and wrote in the German style, his music would be of comparatively little interest; but, so far from this being the case, he is unmistakably and typically Italian. Here, then, at last we have a proof that the absolute rule of the singer, which has weighed in Italian opera for more than a century, is broken at last and that an Italian can write and Italians can appreciate the truly dramatic style of music to which belongs at least the immediate future.” The critic of the Daily Telegraph notes the following passages of the opera. He says: “In the opening hymn, for double choir, of the celestial host, and the widely contrasted scherzo, instrumental and vocal, that mark *Mefistofele*'s share in the scene, the expression and effect of both are singularly powerful, while the rapid monotone charm of the choralism, as they circle round the throne, is one of those bold devices that, when successful, are so in the measure of their riskiness. The *Penitents* hymn, strikes us as hard and angular, but all shortcomings are redeemed by a climax of massive grandeur and stately beauty. In the ‘*Easter Sunday*’ act no particular interest attends the festive music, though its noise entails a certain amount of excitement. From this, however, we must except the chorus sung to the dancing of the Oberstas, which is full of striking character, as, in a still greater degree, is the orchestral accompaniment to the dialogue of Faust and Wagner, as they discourse upon

the Gray Friar. The melodic charm of Faust's air in his study, “*Dai campi, dai prati*,” needs no recommendation, while the strange, weird fancy of the fiend's music belongs to the successes of imaginative art. In the garden scene, comparisons between the treatment of the situation by Gounod and by Boito are inevitable, without being to the advantage of the Italian. Boito fails most where Gounod most succeeds—in the love passages; at the same time there is nothing in Faust as prior to the quartet which, in *Mefistofele*, ends the act. A more ingenious page modern art does not show. The whole of the music to the *Walpurgis* night is of the wildest and therefore most appropriate character. Call it ‘*hullabaloo*’ if you will, but it is ‘*hullabaloo*’ with a studied purpose exactly fulfilled, and if objection be raised it must rest on the choice of such a scene for musical illustration, rather than on the fitness of the illustration itself.”

The Humor of the Passion Play.

The Paris Figaro sent Albert Wolff, the well-known writer, to report the performance of the passion play at Ober-Ammergau. This he did in a most amusing vein. In beginning his letter he takes his readers into his confidence, and tells them that, although the mysteries are founded upon the Bible, the performance is in a theatre, and actors, not saints, are before the audience. It is merely a question of art and literature, and just as Bougureau can not claim immunity from criticism for his “*Flagellation of Christ*,” so the journalist can not consider such performances sacred because the subject is taken from Holy Writ. Starting from this point, M. Wolff describes, how, after a long telegraphic correspondence with Caiaphas, he made arrangements to lodge with that dignitary. It seems that, in his early days, Caiaphas had played the part of Saint John, and still earlier, suspended by a cord, he used to perform the part of the angel which appeared to Jesus upon the Mount of Olives. Caiaphas had just repented his house, and upon the arrival of his visitor was engaged in an interesting conversation with Judas, who, being a carpenter, carried a saw under his arm. Soon the worthy pair were joined by Herod, carrying a paint-pot in his hand and a ladder on his shoulder, and by Jesus himself, who is described as a Christ of the North and not of the East—a Christ such as Albrecht Durer loved to paint. Saint John, a young, fair-haired tailor, and Pilate, an innkeeper, joined the party, and a serious discussion ensued, in which Jesus, assuming studied attitudes, discoursed upon the allotment of seats to visitors at the coming performance. The French critic found that the rustic speech of Judas and Herod was more to his taste than the more pretentious sentences of Jesus.

In spite of all the interest which the play is said to create, the close of the first act was welcomed with a joyous exultation of delight, caused partly by weariness and partly by hunger. Long before Caiaphas, who as burgomaster of the village had to announce the recess, made his welcome statement, the English visitors were munching cakes, and the local part of the audience was feeding on enormous sausages and goats' milk cheeses, which they had brought with them. The actors, who had been playing for three and a half hours, were crying of hunger; the school-children, who took part either in the procession or the tableaux, were crying for soup, bread and butter, and the voices of the chorus of spirits were considerably weakened by the pangs of hunger. Scarcely was the announcement of an hour for refreshments made, when the whole audience and actors rushed for the different exits. The refreshment places in the neighborhood were taken by assault. enormous masses of sausages disappeared like melting snow. The glasses of beer which were swallowed were as innumerable as the sands upon the sea-shore. Jesus and his disciples, Herod, Pilate, Annas, Caiaphas, the people of Jerusalem, the Roman soldiers, the victims and the butchers, all rushed in confusion for their dinners. In the music they ate everywhere—at the table d'hôte, in the passages, and in the kitchen—each seizing whatever came to his hand. The youth of Jerusalem did not take time to lay aside its costumes, but rushed frantically through the streets, so that it was no unusual sight to see an angel of one of the tableaux vivants rolling in the dust, where some gruff Englishman—against whom the cherub had earned—had pushed him. Judas Iscariot seems to have been the low comedian of the performance. The members of the council, with whom he contracts to betray Jesus, were very stinky; and it was only after a great deal of bargaining that an arrangement was come to. Judas showed his empty purse, and insisted that he could not come down a penny. At last the sum was agreed upon, and Judas, fearing that the council would play off false money on him, brought down the house by biting each coin as he received it. Afterward, when, snatched by remorse for his treachery, he determined to hang himself, it was done in such a comic way that every one burst out laughing. The realism of this scene seems to have been remarkable, and would have delighted Zola. The tree was a real one, growing through the stage; and the branch to which he first fastened the rope was previously sawn through, so that it broke with his weight. But even with this effect the scene was anything but solemn. Barrabas was also an amusing actor. When he was released, and Jesus condemned to death, he ran off with such a quick and comical gait that the merriment became general.

It may be added that Barrabas' wife, who lets lodgings in the village, has not seen the play since 1860, because her nerves could not stand the shock of seeing her husband in his part. When Saint Peter denied his master, a rooster behind the scenes set up a most vigorous cock-a-doodle-doo, in which every rooster in the village joined, so that the subsequent answers of Peter and the crowing of the legitimate cock were drowned in the noise of the birds and the shrieks of laughter of the audience. On the whole, M. Wolff seems to have witnessed as amusing a performance as if he had been at the Palais Royal. He acknowledges also to have found himself in unusually good company. He had Caiaphas for his host, an ex-Virgin Mary for hostess, Martha to wait upon him, and Herod—la creme des bons enfants—to run to the post office with the manuscript of the Figaro's contributions.

DRIFTWOOD.

Louisville Argus: We have before us several programmes of the "olden time," dated along the years '61 and '62. They are programmes of the then Louisville Theatre, when Barney Macauley, Messrs. Krone, Grierson, Edwards, and others of equal note were in the stock company. Every bill contains the foot-note "Doors open at 6:45 o'clock; curtain will rise at 7:30 o'clock." In those days no one ever dreamed of less than three hours' entertainment, from 8 to 11 being about the time. The first bill before us announces the benefit of "Mr." Nease, who deems himself well enough known to omit his Christian name. In the cast his name is equally understood. For his benefit that evening there will be presented (so says the bill) a "Five-Act Indian Tragedy, Metamora," Miss Constantine in "A Favorite Pas Seul," and Welsh Edwards in "Make Your Wills." In that little after-piece appeared Messrs. Welsh Edwards, Krone, C. R. Erskine and J. M. Dawson. Erskine is now engaged in the baking-powder business in Louisville; Krone is a printer at ease in St. Louis, and poor old J. Dawson sleeps with his fathers. Every Friday evening in those days was set apart for a benefit. For "Friday, Feb. 28, 1862," the benefit and "last appearance on the stage" of Mrs. Mary E. Lorton was announced. Mrs. Lorton afterward became Mrs. Fuller. The evening bill was a farce, written by George F. Fuller (Mahlstick), called Six Feet Three Inches, Nicholas Nickleby, and the musical burlesque entitled Jenny Lind. Between these acts or plays, two songs and a dance would be rendered by kind volunteers. Mrs. Lorton (Fuller) was manager of the theatre at that time, and Thomas J. Casey (the present Mrs. Friedenheimer's father) was treasurer. Of course the "last appearance" dodge was a lie, as Mrs. Fuller appeared in the character of Smoke over eight years afterward at another benefit for herself. It was all she could act. Six Feet Three, like all other of Mahlstick's productions, would not bear a second recital. Mr. B. Macauley appeared as Nicholas, and a handsome young fellow he doubtless looked. On Friday evening, Dec. 6, 1861, Adah Isaacs Menken appeared in a farewell benefit. The performance that evening was very spicy, containing Three Fast Women, a champion female minstrel scene and a song by the famous minstrel J. F. Wainbold. The Saturday night bill, Oct. 19, 1861, contained two splendid dramas of the most exciting character, "The Robber's Wife," and the startling drama Warlock of the Glen.

We have before us a programme of Tuesday evening, Dec. 10, 1861, announcing the second appearance of J. Wilkes Booth as Claude Melnotte. The prices of admission were 20, 25, and 10 cents, and even Booth did not change them on that evening. The performance concluded with a laughable farce; in fact, every performance in those days had the same pleasing termination. Between the two plays Miss Constantine regaled the audience with a favorite dance. We give below the cast:

Claude Melnotte.....J. Wilkes Booth
Mons. Beaumont.....Mr. Krone
Mons. Glavis.....Mr. Wilson
Mons. Deschappelles.....Mr. Wright
Gaspard.....Mr. Lawson
Landlord of the Golden Lion.....C. R. Erskine
Capt. Desnoailles.....Mr. Smith
Ensign Victor.....Mr. Erwin
Pauline.....Mrs. Welsh Edwards
Mons. Deschappelles.....Mrs. Lorton
Widow Melnotte.....Mrs. Lorton

Pall Mall Gazette: It is not easy to determine when the romance of Adrienne's life—her acquaintance with the Comte de Saxe—began. He came to Paris in 1720, three years after her brilliant appearance on the stage. He left on his adventurous expedition to Courland in 1726, and at the latter date they were on such terms that she was ready to accomplish that memorable act of generosity of selling her jewels to supply him with requisite funds. She ran great risk of never seeing him again. Two years of pensive separation followed: the depth of sentiment which filled them is betrayed rather than shown by the veiled pathos of a few sentences in which she refers to his return. "One who has been long expected," she wrote, "will come back this evening, as far as one may judge, in fairly good health. A courier has arrived with news sent on before, as the carriage had broken down thirty leagues off. A light chaise has started and to-night some one will be here." [It is impossible to render the tenderness of "On sera ici."]

It was nearly two years after the return of Maurice from Courland that Adrienne received a mysterious visit from a poor hunch-backed miniature painter, the Abbe Bourget, who, not finding her at home, left word that he had a communication of the highest importance to make to her if she would meet him in the Luxembourg gardens, where he would make himself known by a concerted signal—three taps on his hat. The actress drove to the place of rendezvous, and there was informed that the painter had received the offer of a large bribe if, under the pretext of taking her portrait, he contrived to leave with her some poisoned lozenges given him by a great lady of the Court whom jealousy prompted to murder Adrienne. Several versions of the story are handed down, which do not agree, and the whole affair is sufficiently obscure. In any case, it is certain that Adrienne was not poisoned. For a long time her health had been failing, and it was several months after the incident in the Luxembourg that she played at the Comedie Francaise for the last time. We have the vivid account of an eye-witness, the lovely Greek beauty, the rival of Adrienne Leconteur in charm of mind and person, Mlle. d'Assise, who was at the theatre that night, and painted and shocked by the manifest suffering of the actress, who, nevertheless, went through her part with heroic fortitude. She appeared in the *Edipe* of Voltaire as the first piece, and then, as she was played again in the after-piece, *Le Florentin*, in which, long and difficult as was her part, by force of genius and nerve she acquitted herself with perfection. She was carried home in an almost dying state, and five days afterward expired of acute internal inflammation. Her friend Voltaire, who owed her much of the success of his early tragedies, says she died in his arms. In her death throes a priest of St. Sulpice forced this way to her bedside. "Do not be

uneasy," she said, "I know what brings you here. I have not forgotten your poor in my will." Then turning to a bust of the Comte de Saxe, she exclaimed, "Voilà mon univers, mon espoir, et mes dieux." As she died without having renounced the stage, she was refused Christian burial, and her body was hurried away by night in a cab, and thrust underground in a woodyard in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Grumble not, O hardened, unsympathetic Londoner, if thy morning slumbers be broken by the shriek of the fiddle or the shrill pertinacity of the flute. You cannot, of course, bring yourself to believe that futile attempts to master a simple theme may be the untutored stammering of a soul bursting with music, whose lot, perhaps, in some future day, in some future world, will be to entrance his thousands, even as Israel holds spell-bound the denizens of Paradise with the music of his heart strings. This, you say, is hard to believe; therefore, let me put another picture before you! The scene is a garret; it is a bitter Winter's day; the wind howls around and enters through a hundred crevices; an ember or two smoulders on the hearth. At a rickety table, huddled up into the corner in a vain attempt to elude the network of draughts which intersect the apartment, sits, lost in his work, the young musician. He has just completed the score of his symphony; it is his first. Smaller works he has done, and has tried in vain to get them performed; but this is that work which will make him famous for centuries to come. Perhaps it is the last thing he will ever do. Pinned by famine, benumbed with cold, he has, sworn in his veins, the seeds of a fatal disease. He has just finished his score, which he regards with admiration. He has no doubts of its success. He turns to the beginning, hums the theme, gets more and more excited, rises to his feet, and seizes the crutch on which he drags himself to the nearest eating-house when he has money for a meal. He fancies himself in the National Concert Hall. Thousands of eager spectators throng that vast auditorium behind him. He hears the hum of expectancy. He gives the signal. The muted violins whisper forth the air; the basses and the cellos give it body; it develops; the brass contributes a mellow fullness; a running wave-like accompaniment is heard from the harp; the whole body of instruments is now at work. "Crescendo!" The action of the young composer's arm becomes animated. The time is quickened. Faster! Faster! The movement is reaching a climax. "Forte! forte! più! più! fortissimo!" There peals forth a tremendous union. But no! poor soul, there is no answer to his call but the trembling of the crazy boards on which he sways his feeble frame. There are no thousands in whose hearts he can raise a kindred glow of emotion. That sympathy, too, like his other works, will decay unknown in the closet. He sinks into his chair in a passion of weeping. No doubt he is one of those whose efforts at composition, before he was forced to sell his piano, have educed many a muttered oath from his luckless neighbors. But he is a man of a great soul and a noble, useful life.

Maria Malibran had a great aptitude for learning languages, and spoke four with equal facility. Lamartine complimented her on this. "Yes," she said, "it is very convenient. I am thus enabled to dress up my thoughts in my own way. If a word does not come to me in one language, I take it from another; I borrow a sleeve from English; a collar from German, and a body from Spanish. . . . "Thus making, Madame, a charming harlequin's suit." "Yes," she replied quickly, "but there is never any mask." Some one else present was lauding a poet, as poor in ideas as he was rich in form. "Do not talk to me about his talent," she said. "He makes a vapor-bath out of a drop of water!" Panegyric and enthusiasm naturally played a great part in the conversation; she frequently cut them short with something like impatience, especially if anybody made the mistake of exalting her at the expense of another artist. Her admiration for Mlle. Sontag was unbounded. "Oh! if I had her voice!" she said one day. "Her voice! her voice!" observed one of the company. "Yes, she has no doubt a very pleasing voice, but no soul." "No soul?" replied Malibran quickly. "Say, rather, no sorrow! She has been too happy. That is her misfortune. I have one superiority over her: the superiority of suffering. Only let her have real cause for tears, and you will see what accents will issue from the voice which you contemptuously characterize as pleasing." A year later, Sontag, after a great misfortune, appeared for the first time in the tragic and pathetic part of Donna Anna. She achieved a triumph. "Did I not tell you so?" exclaimed Malibran.

One last trait to paint the mixture of modesty and confidence in herself which distinguished her. I met her one day in the Rue Taitbout, and we stopped for a moment to talk to each other. A carriage passed, and out of the window was eagerly thrust the head of a little girl, who sent her a thousand kisses. "Who is that little girl?" I inquired. "That little girl . . . that little girl is some one who will eclipse us all; it is my little sister, Pauline." The little sister became Mme. Viardot.

Sothorn tells a reporter that his Crushed Tragedian is "not a caricature. I assure you that in some parts of the English provinces, as we call the regions out of London, and in portions of America, remote from great cities, the play has been taken as a serious one. They have thought the Crushed was very much like many actors they were used to seeing, though, perhaps, a very bad case of one himself. But they have paid me the compliment of being as poor and misplaced a person in my profession as the one I was trying to take off. My make-up in that play had no reference to the late George Jones, the Count Joannes. I acted the play over 100 nights in various parts of this country and in England before I ever saw him, and had acted it for some time in New York before I ever saw him. I was in Madison Square Garden with Mr. Florence, and as the Count went by I said, 'Why, as sure as I live, there's an original Crushed.' Then Florence gave out that I was 'making up' like the Count, and he and the public got the idea. There was nothing in it. I never modified my manner or make-

up after I saw him, and never thought of him before I saw him. There was no resemblance to him in the make-up at that time. The resemblance was in the type. He and not I was responsible for that."

The Passion Play: Among the actors Jos. Maier (Christus), Jacob Hett (Peter), Johannes Zwink (John), Greger Lechner (Judas), Johann Lang (Caiaphas), Johann Alfinger (Barabbas), and Johann Diemer (the Choragus), were all engaged in the representation of the same characters ten years ago, and, like good wine, have improved with age. The strange part about Joseph Maier is the complete change his countenance seems to undergo during his assumption of the sacred character. Off the stage it is not what would be called a prepossessing cast of countenance or a nobly featured. Few would be struck with the tall long-haired man with the ink-black beard, who parades the village in a Tyrolean hat and a student's jacket, and is so busied with the labor of preparation and arrangement. But on the stage all is different. The face softens, the movements are wondrously graceful, and the voice, though monotonous, is piercing in its sweetness. In elegance of posture and grace of movement few things have ever been better done than the action at the Last Supper, and in the garden of the Mount of Olives; while apart from any personal objection to the horror of its elaborate detail, nothing in point of art could be better than the realism of the death-scene on the cross. The gradual advance of death, the tenderness of the expiry, the endurance of unspeakable pain, the weary changing of the tired head, the voice charged with pathos, the departure with weep, but no tears, were the proudest of the greatest actor. But the proudest did not end here, for the acting of the dead Christus was even more powerful than what had gone before. Few will forget the lank heaviness of those nerveless arms or the expression of weight in the dead corpse. It was terrible in effect, but powerful in point of art. Nor did the thieves fail in the same kind of realistic expression.

Of mental acting the best example was given by Greger Lechner, who has made a complete study of the irresolute Judas. No one had a more difficult task, as the part is overwhelmed with soliloquies, and is necessarily staid; but there was no stagnation in that nervous irritability and conscience-stricken irresolution shown in every scene when the bargain for the betrayal has been made. At the Last Supper Judas conveyed to the audience the conflicting thoughts passing through his mind—vacillation, greed, determination and despair. Of the new-comers no one approached in excellence the Pilate—Thomas Rendl. For the first time the character is dressed as a Roman soldier of the Caesar period, and the picture was complete. No one could have believed that this noble-looking man, with the grand and dignified bearing, was like the rest, a humble wood-carver of Ober-Ammergau, who lived in the new character while he was on the stage, and evidently thought of nothing else. These are the most vivid impressions of what was, under any circumstances, a very remarkable performance.—[The Theatre.

There are yet living in Pottsville, Pa., several gentlemen who never hear the name of Artemus Ward without a smiling recollection of a pleasant night spent with that droll genius. In the Winter of one of the earlier years of the war Artemus Ward was advertised to deliver his famous lecture on the Mormons in the town hall at Pottsville. Much curiosity was excited by the announcement of his coming, and there was every reason to expect that the hall would be crowded on the evening of the lecture. But one of the fiercest snow-storms that ever visited the town raged without intermission all day, and the night was wildly stormy when the lecturer was driven to the hall. He found awaiting him there only five men, who had defied the storm. Advancing to the front of the stage, and beckoning with his finger as if to a single individual, Artemus said, in an ordinary conversational tone: "Come up closer." Not knowing precisely what to do, the audience of five compromised with their embarrassment by doing nothing. Artemus changed his tone to that used by one who wishes to coax, and said: "Please come up closer and be sensible; I want to speak to you about a little matter I have thought of."

Having succeeded in getting his audience to move up near to the stage, the humorist said: "I move that we do not have any lecture here this evening, and I propose instead that we adjourn to the restaurant beneath and have a good time." He then put the motion, voted on it himself, declared it carried, and to give no opportunity for an appeal from the chair, at once led the way to the restaurant. There he introduced himself to his intended auditors, and spent several hours in their company, richly compensating them for their disappointment in the matter of the lecture by the wit and humor of the stories and anecdotes, without number, that he told. And that is how Artemus Ward lectured in Pottsville.

San Francisco Post: Miss Adelaide Neilson, to escape the din of the Fourth of July celebration on Monday, hid herself to Blithewood, a retreat located between Sausalito and San Rafael, in company with a gentleman friend. A lunch, which taxed the resources of the suburban hostelry to its utmost, was solicited and prepared by the eager proprietor. The repast was to be served in a sylvan grove, where

"This, our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." Unfortunately, the landlord was supplied with but Mongolian servants, and not desiring to subject his famous guest to association with the proscribed race, was at his wit's end to supply the want. His anxiety elicited the commiseration of a few other guests at the house, and a young lady who was present—Miss Bancroft, a daughter of the well-known publisher—imbued with the spirit of adventure, volunteered to essay the role of waitress upon the distinguished lady. The landlord was loth to permit the apparent sacrifice, but reluctantly consented, and Miss Bancroft arrayed herself in the characteristic habiliments of a French waitress, not forgetting the neat little white cap. She served the courses with such grace that Miss

Neilson, ignorant of the deception, was so charmed with the attention she received that she graciously bestowed a fee of fifty cents upon her soi-disant attendant.

It was during the successful period of the drama of *Henri III.*, one day, that Mlle. Mars was receiving friends and admirers, Dumas the elder presented her with a beautiful satin-bound copy of the drama, and an old doctor who was present exclaimed rather simply: "So you are a tragedy-maker, young man!" "Yes," replied Dumas, "just like you; the only difference is that you have yours bound in deal."

Dumas was a great friend of Vatout's, who was so devoted to Louis Philippe's family that he followed them into exile. On hearing of his death, "Poor fellow," said Dumas, "and how did that happen?" "At dinner, the water they had to drink was very bad; the princes were all sick, but Vatout died." "The courtier!" said Dumas, with a smile.

Being present one evening with George Sand at the first performance of an execrable piece, he was conversing loudly with her, when a bourgeois, seated in front of them, turned round and sharply requested them to be silent. "What!" exclaimed Dumas, "you have the good luck to hear George Sand and Alexandre Dumas conversing together and you are not satisfied!"

Dumas was a very powerful man and rather proud of his physical strength. His father, General Dumas, Marquis de la Paillette, notified his birth to General Brune in the following terms: "My wife has just presented me with a boy, eighteen inches long and weighing ten pounds and a half. If he keeps on like that, at twenty-five he will be no pigmy." The father was also a man of great strength, whose feats were renowned in the records of the French army. An engraving of the time, now in the hands of Dumas, Jr., represents him alone on the Brixen Bridge holding in check a body of Austrians, killing three, wounding eight, and causing the others to retreat.

The Marquis was a mulatto; being one evening at the theatre in a box with a lady, a young coxcomb entered, and offered to see her home after the play. "Thanks," said the lady, pointing to the General, "I am with this gentleman." "Indeed," exclaimed the young man, sneering, "I took him for your servant." He had no sooner uttered this piece of impertinence than the General took hold of him by the collar, and, lifting him like a feather, threw him on to the stage.

His grandson, the present Academician, is a chip of the old block, of extraordinary physical strength, and most adroit in all athletic exercises, which, as everyone knows, does not prevent him from being as witty as his father. Somebody speaking of Alexandre Dumas to his son was saying one day: "After all, your father has sometimes written inferior works, but he never wrote tiresome ones." "It was through selfishness," replied the son; "they would have bored him first."

Among the many accomplishments with which Brougham's biographers credited him, they have omitted to mention his uncommon skill as an amateur artist. His intimate friends know well how cleverly he handled the pencil, or, rather, the pen, for a favorite amusement of his in moments of idleness, or waiting for inspiration while writing a play, was to scribble faces or Shakespearean incidents on half-sheets of note paper, which generally found their way into the wastebasket. Sometimes these amusing memoranda of humorous fancies were given to enthusiastic friends, and not a few of them are to-day to be found treasured in the albums of New York ladies, each with the never-varying signature, rich in playful flourishes, "John Brougham, delinquent." During a short period of financial straits in London—he was then little more than a youth, and had not thought of the stage as a profession—Mr. Brougham found his talent for drawing of genuine service, for he turned it to account by giving lessons, and so kept the wolf from the door at a time when a few shillings were really a god-send to him.

An Englishman, anxious to win his way into the ranks of the Comedie Francaise, wrote to a London journal to discover whether any restrictions would be put upon him in consequence of his foreign birth. To which the journal replied: "Mlle. Sara Bernhardt is partly Dutch, so that Miss Bernsman is not the only Dutch tragedienne extant. Mlle. Croizette has Slavonic blood in her veins, being thus to a certain extent a countrywoman of Mme. Modjeska. Mlle. Reichemberg and M. Worms, to judge by their names, must be of German descent, and M. Got's proposal that Miss Genevieve Ward should, temporarily at least, join the Comedie Francaise, prove that there is no exclusion of even pure-bred foreigners from that institution."

To us of the present day who have a just appreciation of King Lear, it is unactable, as Lamb has said already. It stands upon too lofty a plane; its emotions are too mountainous to be within the reach of mimic art. The efforts of actors of flesh and blood to represent it are as futile as the attempts of the stage carpenter to represent that tempest with the rattling of his sheet iron and the rumble of his cannon-balls. Nor has there been any actor in modern days who united in himself the person and the art required for the presentation of our ideal of King Lear. Garrick was too small; Keon too fiery and gypsy-like; Kemble was physically fit for it, but too cold and artificial. As to any of the later actors, it is needless to describe the unfitness which they themselves have so ably illustrated.

The late Tom Robertson, author of *Caste*, etc., said: "My task is a difficult one, for almost every dramatic situation is denied to me. My success consists in Paterfamilias, when he sees one of my plays, saying to his wife, 'My dear, I went last night to the theatre, and I have taken tickets for yourself and for our daughters, Jane, Maria, and little Emily.'"

Moliere was playing the part of Sancho in *Don Quixote* and was waiting at the wing, mounted on an ass, for the time of his entrance upon the stage; when the animal, stubborn as all its kind is, was seized with a desire to make its appearance, and took it into its head to advance without having re-

ceived the proper signal. Moliere tried to hold it back, but in vain. The beast grew more and more obstinate. In spite of blows, bridle, and calls, it pushed ahead, drawing everything with it. The audience soon caught sight of the author of the *Misanthrope* struggling against the cursed ass and calling out for help. Finally overcome, he is obliged, a willing Abalom, to remain hanging to the branch of a tree, which he had grasped to better resist; and the ass, satisfied with his triumph, presented himself on the stage, expressing his happiness by his own peculiar quality of voice.

Extracts from a private letter, July 2: It seems as if all the great singers of Europe had congregated here [London], to make this the most notable season for several years. In addition to the great names of Patti, Marie Roze, Albani, Gerster, Nilsson, Hauk, Trebelli, and others, there are three or four new claimants for public favor, pre-eminent among whom stands Mme. Sembrich, a beautiful young German, who fairly electrifies by her brilliant and dramatic vocalization. Her success was sudden and sure. A grand event was the concert given a few evenings since by order of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, where the array of talent was very great and the concert proclaimed the most brilliant one given in eight years. Mme. Marie Roze-Mapleson secured a large share of applause and attention, for she is a great favorite with the nobility on account of the rare union of a fine voice, personal beauty, and charming manners. No prima-donna stands so high here socially, and after the state concert the Princess of Wales came forward to congratulate her, and made her promise that she would surely sing at the state concert next season.

Sir Julius Benedict's forty-fifth annual morning concert occurred Wednesday, and the array of talent and genius was something marvelous. It was the greatest society affair of the season, and, in spite of the tickets being a guinea each, every seat was sold a week before the event. An interesting episode was the recital of a thrilling poem by Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, who, malgré her thinness, is so fascinating as to seem beautiful.

Mme. Etelka Gerster made her reappearance last evening, after a year's retirement from the stage, and the audience was wildly enthusiastic at the continued brilliance, increased power, and inexpressible charm of her voice. She was recalled three times at the close of each act and fairly loaded with huge bouquets; and, as she is to reappear in Chicago next winter, it will please you to know that she is even greater than at her first appearance there.

Mr. W. T. Carleton has made a great hit in an English version of Offenbach's last opera, *La Fille du Tambour Major*, and the house is crammed every night. He is engaged for Strakosch's coming season in America, as is also Mme. Marie Roze-Mapleson, who signed her contract only this week.

Our own Miss Cary is here, resting and enjoying herself. She was conspicuous at Her Majesty's last evening by her ardent applause of Mme. Gerster.

The following is a literal copy of a play-bill issued in the year 1793 by the manager of the Theatre Royal, Kilkenny: "Kilkenny Theatre Royal, by his Majesty's company of comedians. On Saturday May 14, 1793, will be performed by command of several respectable people in this metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of *Hamlet*! originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hays of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works. *Hamlet* by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which plays two tunes at the same time. *Ophelia* by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, particularly 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' and 'We'll all be Unhappy Together,' from Rev. Mr. Dibdin's *Oddities*. The parts of the King and Queen, by direction of the Reverend Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage. Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public. The ghost to grave-digger and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor, Hunt. The whole to conclude with the farce of *Mahomet, the Impostor*! *Mahomet* by Mr. Kearns. Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, and the signs of the Goat's Beard, in Castle street. The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken (if required) in candles, bacon, butter, cheese, soap, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public. No person whatsoever shall be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings."

Decidedly the Wrong Thomas.

A man he owned a terrier dog—
A bob-tailed ornery cuss,
And that there dog got that there man
Into many an ugly muss;
For the man he was on his muscle,
And the dog was on the bite;
So to kick that dog-goned animal
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman she owned a Thomas cat
That fit at fifteen pound;
And other cats got up and slid
When that there cat was round.
The man and his dog came along one day
Where the woman she did dwell,
And the purr he growled ferociously,
Then went for that cat pell-mell.

He tried to chaw the neck of the cat,
But the cat he wouldn't be chawed,
But he lit on the back of that there dog,
And bit, and skeratched, and clawed!
Oh, the hair it flew, and the purr he yowled;
As the claws went into his hide,
And chunks of flesh were peeled from his side,
Till he flummed and kicked and died.

Then the man he ripped and roared and swore,
As he gathered a big brick-bat,
That he would be blamed essentially
If he didn't kill that cat!
But the old woman 'lowed she'd be blest if he did.

And snatched up an old shot-gun,
Which she fired, and peppered his diaphragm
With bird-shot number one.

They toted him home on a window-blind,
And the doctor sewed him up;
But he was never known to fight again,
Or own another pup.
Folks may turn up their noses at this here rhyme,
I don't care a fig for that;
All I want to show is that fighting dogs
May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

REMINISCENCES OF OPERA.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS—GARCIA—SIMS REEVES—THE TYNE-HARRISON TROUPE—COOPER'S ENGLISH OPERA—LUCY ESCOTT.

In the year 1846, I had the good fortune to be taken by a young companion to the Theatre Royal, Bristol, England, to hear Garcia in *La Sonnambula*. With our small stock of pocket-money we bought two tickets for the pit, and laughed heartily at Alessio in his comical situations, and were correspondingly scared with the villagers at the recitation of the Phantom chorus. I almost forgot to say that the cast upon that occasion, which it may be interesting to know, was: Amina, Mme. Viardot Garcia; Elvino, Elliott Gahr and Count Rudolph by Sir Henry Bishop; J. H. Tully, a very clever and afterward a celebrated man in musical circles, was the conductor. The darkness that pervaded the theatre after the lights were out was hardly more gloomy, though, than my thoughts of my reception at home after such a dereliction of duty as absenting myself without leave. My father chastised me the next morning, but his anger was somewhat mollified by the discovery of my taste for opera. There was one good result from this circumstance, and that was, that upon every convenient opportunity I was allowed the pleasure of seeing and hearing almost every artist of note visiting my native city.

Mr. Sims Reeves had about this time made his debut and great hit at Drury Lane as Edgardo in *Lucy of Lammermoor*, and shortly afterward visited Bristol to sing in oratorio at the Clifton Assembly Rooms. This building, which is a very fine one, was built for the purposes of large gatherings, and principally devoted to the Philharmonic and Classical Harmonic Society's concerts. It was here that I heard the great tenor for the first time, in company with Miss Dolby, a celebrated contralto, and Miss Liscombe, soprano, who shortly afterward became Mrs. Reeves. The performance upon this occasion was Handel's oratorio, *The Messiah*. The baritone was the late Henry Phillips (of Birmingham), who was the original Helen in John Barnett's beautiful and romantic opera, *The Mountain Sylph* (which, by-the-by, has not been sung in America for thirty years.) I shall ever remember the impression Mr. Reeves' magnificent and beautiful tenor voice made upon me. I had hitherto only heard a Mr. Tibbs, who was our tenor at church. I little thought at the time I should have the honor of appearing with the illustrious tenor in after years, and in opera, too, although it was only a small part in *Guy Rannering*. But of that anon.

In the year 1855 I visited America, and there for the first time heard the very best English singer of our day, Louisa Pyne, who, in conjunction with the Tyne and Harrison English Opera troupe, was performing at the old Broadway Theatre (below Canal street, and long since pulled down and converted into wholesale drygoods houses). The first opera I heard at that time also was Bellini's charming *La Sonnambula*. The cast was as follows: Amina, Louisa Pyne; Lisa, Susan Pyne; Elvino, William Harrison; and the Count Rudolph, Mr. Borani. The repertoire of the Tyne and Harrison troupe at that time consisted, if I remember rightly, of *La Sonnambula*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Maid of Honor*, *Loder's Night Dancers*, *Maritana*, *The Crown Diamonds*, *The Elixir of Love*, and some others which have slipped my memory. The taste for English opera at this time in America was at its best, and Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison realized a handsome fortune, which upon their return to England they devoted to an endeavor to establish English opera upon its native heath as a permanent institution, and of which I shall speak in a future paper. The departure of the Tyne and Harrison troupe from America marked a blank in the history of English opera in this country; and for a time no company of any note appeared except a small traveling party. The prima-donna of this company was Mlle. Rosalie Durand, a very pretty lady and fair singer. But they labored under the disadvantage of not having a male tenor, for the position was filled by Miss Georgiana Hodson, a fine contralto, good actress, and a charming woman. Miss Hodson belonged to a family of clever people in England, who were singers and instrumentalists. Old Mr. Hodson was also a popular composer of songs. Miss Hodson had been married to one John Sharpe, a popular comic singer, but her married life had been very unhappy. Mr. Sharpe died many years ago, and Miss Hodson has since become Mrs. Lester, and is now living in Australia, to which place the company went some years ago; and the managers (the Lesters) have acquired a handsome competence and deserved popularity in the land of their adoption.

The Cooper English Opera co. was the next that appeared in this country. They opened at Wallack's Theatre, then situated below Broome street, and presided over by the elder Wallack. Henry C. Cooper, the proprietor and conductor, was born in London, but for some years prior to Jenny Lind's appearance in England held the position of leader at the old Theatre Royal, Bristol, mentioned above. The fair singer's visit to Bristol, to which place she was accompanied by Julius Benedict, was to be the making of Cooper. Benedict, afterwards knighted by Her Majesty and now known as Sir Julius Benedict, was struck with Cooper's genius, and took him to London, where he became a popular man of the day. The Philharmonic Society made him their conductor, and his popularity as a solo performer has never been excelled. For some reason he left England and his splendid position, and came to the United States, bringing with him Miss Annie Milner, his pupil, a native of Leeds, in Yorkshire, who was possessed of an unusually fine soprano voice of good compass and superior culture. They gave two or three concerts at the old Academy of Music in New York, and then Mr. Cooper formed his company, sending to England for his tenor, David Miranda, who had re-

cently appeared with success at Drury Lane, and bade fair to be a fine artist. The contralto was Mrs. Harriet Holman, the mother of the Holman family, now principally confining their labors to Canada. The baritone was Dr. Charles Guilmette, now residing in Boston and practicing his profession (dentistry). The basso was Mr. Rudolphson, also now in Boston. The company also appeared, after the New York season, at the Boston Theatre, and went from there to Canada, taking in Montreal, where Dr. Guilmette left them, then Toronto, London, Hamilton and Detroit, with considerable success.

The theatres in Canada at that time were of the old style, structures that were mere tinder-boxes, and I have often wondered they stood so long without either burning or tumbling down. The old Lyceum, as it was called, in Toronto, was a very dingy affair. The week previous to the advent of the Cooper company it was occupied by a strolling company of female minstrels and one Coyne, an Irish comedian, and the audience upon the Saturday previous to the opening of the opera was composed of one soldier and his girl in the pit, some five or six hobbledoys and a score of boys in the gallery, and no one in the boxes. On Monday morning scrub women were set to work, the floor swept and washed, the stage scrubbed (and it needed it badly), and at night we had the satisfaction of seeing a large and fashionable audience as could be desired. The company played one week to excellent business, and then proceeded west as above named. About this time Mr. William Burton, then of the Winter Garden, which was situated above Bleeker street, where the Grand Central Hotel now is, had engaged a company in England to make their appearance at the above theatre. The company was called the Lucy Escott Opera troupe and was composed of the following principals: Miss Lucy Escott, prima-donna; Miss Emma Heywood, contralto; Mr. Henry Squires and Mr. J. Brookhouse Bowler, tenors; Mr. Charles Durand, baritone, and Mr. Aynesly Cook basso; conductor, Mr. Reyloff. They arrived after a very rough passage, during which the leading artists suffered considerably from sea-sickness, and desired a week or two to recuperate, but Mr. Burton, from some reason or other, insisted upon their appearing upon the following Monday, which they did, in *Il Trovatore*, which had just become popular. Mr. Squires appeared as Manrico. The gentleman was really seriously indisposed and totally unable to go through the performance, which was finished by Mr. Brookhouse Bowler. When the fourth act was reached Mr. Bowler noticed that the piano, which was placed behind the scenes, to answer the purposes of a large accompaniment to "Ah, che la morte," was sharp, and the harmonium, used for the *Miserere*, also out of tune and flat. The discord that ensued, in connection with the orchestra, may be imagined, and the *fiasco* was complete. The instruments, it is asserted, were in perfect tune at the morning rehearsal, and it is said that some tampering with them had been maliciously effected.

The company was a really good one, and Miss Escott was certainly an artist of talent to at least fair play in this her native land. For the only objection that could be urged was that she had used the best years of her life in Europe, and was somewhat passe. But her support was excellent in every particular, and she certainly had some charming novelties to present, notably *Il Trovatore*, which had made a great success in England, and was now presented for the second time only in its English dress. However, the season was abruptly closed, and the company was placed in a very disagreeable position. Other managers were afraid to touch them as a company, and the members scattered to the four winds. Mr. Reyloff, Mr. Durand and Miss Emma Heywood returned to England, while Aynesly Cook and Mr. Bowler joined the Cooper company. Miss Escott and Mr. Squires, I believe, went to Australia, and this ended the very short American season of the Lucy Escott English Opera troupe.

The Cooper company ultimately lost Mr. Miranda, their tenor (who returned to England), and Mr. Bowler assumed his position. This company plodded along with varied success for some few years and ultimately disbanded. Mr. Brookhouse Bowler and his clever little wife (nee Miss Annie Kemp) also went to England. Circumstances of a domestic nature also caused me to turn my steps in the same direction, where I landed just three months prior to the civil war in America. I found that English Opera had made immense strides while I had been away, and that the English taste was receiving a fresh impetus from the efforts of Miss Pyne and Mr. William Harrison.

English opera for English-speaking people would always be the rage if composers could be found with the prolific pens of Michael Balfe and Vincent Wallace, who wrote operas the people could understand and appreciate. The English-speaking people want ballads and pretty songs of a simple character. You may fashion your libretto as melodramatically or romantically as you like, but the singers must pour forth their feelings, emotions, and portray their actions, in the call form in order to please. A very apt illustration of this, among numbers of others I could quote—and no doubt I shall in some future papers—will serve to show how important is this form of music as an element of success. As a slight illustration of this I will mention one instance: When John Barnett of Cheltenham, England, was about to produce his opera *The Mountain Sylph*, in the course of the parlor readings of the score between himself and the artists selected to sing the several numbers, it came to the baritone's part to be attended to. Henry Phillips was the gentleman engaged. Barnett said: "Now then, Phillips, you shall take your gruel; here's your scene"—handing to Mr. Phillips a copy of the recitative and descriptive song he had originally written for the part of Hela. "What! this long twaddle? have I got to wade through this?" said Phillips. "Now look here, Barnett, if I don't have a ballad I won't sing the part—I know what the people want." "But, my dear Phillips, a ballad would be out of place. You surely wouldn't come down the stage in your wizard's dress and sing a ballad?" "Wouldn't I?" said Phillips. "Here, what are all these"—turning over a number of manuscript songs that lay on the piano—"what's this?"—selecting a ballad entitled "Farewell to the Mountain," which had never been used or thought of. "Let's see how this goes"—and Phillips sang over the song, Barnett accompanying him. "There," said Phillips, "that's my song; and mind, John, I don't play the part without I sing that song." He sang it, and it was the hit of the piece, and is the only piece of music that has survived the production of the opera save the trio, "This Magic-Wove Scarf," which is sometimes heard in concerts.

H. W. ELLIS.

"THE GILDED AGE" A FAILURE.

JOHN T. RAYMOND'S LONDON SUCCESS THWARTED BY A BAD PLAY AND AN ENGLISH COMPANY.

Our traveling representative, Col. W. D. Barnes, sent us the following cablegram Wednesday morning, which only too conclusively substantiates the previous dispatches to the daily press which chronicled John T. Raymond's failure in London:

"LONDON, July 21, 1890.

"EDITOR MIRROR, New York:

"Raymond's luck is hard. English company and Mark Twain's farce killed him dead here. Florence feels dubious about *Mighty Dollar*."

The following dispatches to the New York press give a comprehensive account of Raymond's London debut as Col. Sellers:

LONDON, July 19.—Mr. John T. Raymond appeared at the Gaiety Theatre to night in his celebrated character of Colonel Sellers, in Mark Twain's drama. The house was filled, and the American actors at present in London were present in full force. Among them were John McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Hart Conway and Lotta; also Mme. Modjeska, George Augustus Sala and other literary celebrities were also present. Mr. Raymond received a very marked and cordial welcome when he first appeared on the stage. Personally he achieved a splendid artistic success, but he was very indifferently supported by the rest of the cast. Nor was the play made palatable to an English audience. Point after point, so thoroughly appreciated by American audiences, fell mortifyingly flat. "Turnips as a specific against plague" brought down the house indeed, but the scene of the farthing candle in the stove was disappointingly unappreciated, nor did the audience see any wit in Sellers feeling insulted when it was proposed that he should be elected a member of Congress. It almost seemed to them as if the play should have been adapted to English institutions. The drunken scene was applauded and the jury scene elicited almost incessant laughter. At the conclusion Mr. Raymond was called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of a most intelligent audience, which did him the homage to remain in order to show him this mark of appreciation. Mr. Raymond is unfortunate in not having an American company to support him. With one or two exceptions the rest of the characters became decidedly English, and therefore out of keeping with Sellers' marked individuality. Mr. Raymond himself was the recipient of very marked applause intended for him personally by the audience, which, however, was equally explicit in denying approval to the drama as delineated to-night.

LONDON, July 20.—John T. Raymond's impersonation of Colonel Sellers has not met with success here. This is unfortunate, and is due in some measure to his wretched support. He might have taken a lesson from McKee Rankin's success with *The Danites*, which, like Colonel Sellers, was condemned as a drama, but which became a great success from the admirable working together of an American company. Sara Bernhardt had French support, and Mr. Hollingshead, if he had wished to give the performance of an American drama properly, should have engaged American support, of which any quantity could be had in London at the present time. Notwithstanding all, Mr. Raymond has, as I said last night, won a personal success, and, as the *Globe* this evening says, "his impersonation set in the frame of a better drama would win him distinction and fortune in this country." The *Pall Mall Gazette* expresses disappointment in the drama, describing it as one of the least sympathetic and least coherent dramas ever brought before the public. It says that "when a writer of merit as distinct as Mark Twain and an actor with as much genuine talent as Mr. Raymond come before us we hope for something new. With more disappointment than can easily be expressed we find the piece and the acting entangled in the weeds by which English art is choked." In conclusion it says: "Without the exhilarating influence of Colonel Sellers the play would have been damned before the representation was half over. The chief attraction, which presents the murder by a woman of her seducer and her subsequent acquittal by a jury, is disagreeable, and the subordinate acts, with one or two exceptions, are so weak that they can scarcely serve as foils to the central figure. Mr. Raymond has a position which, however fatal to art, is too flattering to vanity to be often refused, and it stands like Gulliver among the Lilliputians."

The Telegraph this morning, after stating that he was received with a cordial greeting, says: "Mr. Raymond won the hearty applause of the audience as the drama proceeded by the easy and effective manner in which he presented to them a type of character affording always abundant amusement, though the original matrix may be traced back to the very founders of the drama. The final scene of the American court of justice, which elicited the loudest shouts of laughter heard during the evening, could hardly have been introduced without the preliminary of the shooting scene in the drawing-room at Washington, but the spectators would gladly have dispensed with all the rest of the characters, however forcibly portrayed by Miss Katherine Rogers and the other members of the present company, and preferentially enjoyed the excellent acting of Mr. John T. Raymond if the humor of Colonel Mulberry Sellers had been presented to them in the form of a monologue."

The Daily News says: "In spite of a tendency to overlay the part with trivial incidents the piece was certainly successful, and Mr. Raymond may fairly be congratulated upon the cordial reception accorded to him by an audience unusually numerous for the time of year. Beyond this it is unfortunately not possible to speak very favorably of the piece, which altogether is unworthy of the genius of the distinguished humorist whose name, or rather pseudonym, it bears. Unluckily the prominence given to elaborate but irrelevant features leads the author to lose sight of the Colonel, whose schemes are in the end entirely forgotten. The farcical trial for murder brings the play to a close is altogether melodramatic. Portions of the play evidently occasioned some weariness, though, thanks to Mr. Raymond's exertions, the curtain fell amidst general applause."

The Standard says: "Mark Twain's force as a humorist is generally cordially ac-

knowledge; but in writing for the stage he proves himself as weak as when writing for the reading public he is strong. The character of Col. Sellers, played by Mr. Raymond, contains the germ of an amusing idea. Col. Sellers, however, fades away to give place to a preposterous underplot. At times, it must be admitted, Mr. Raymond acts with exceeding humor. His earnestness and sincere belief in his own wild ideas are very cleverly shown; and if his performance in the last act is not to be accepted as proving that his ability is superficial, there is much in the representation which points to the fact that he is capable of much better things than Col. Sellers. Col. Sellers himself may perhaps be considered worth seeing; but the spectator of average intelligence will find his patience severely tried by Mark Twain's dramatic sketch."

The First American Play.

The Contrast, a comedy in five acts, by Royall Tyler, was produced in New York, at the only theatre in the city, on April 16, 1786. To this piece belongs the distinction of being called the first American play performed by a regular company at an established theatre. Two—probably three—original American dramas had been previously composed, but they were the work of students at Harvard and Yale, who appeared in them at private theatricals. The Contrast was announced as "a comedy in five acts, by a citizen of America."

Jonathan.....Mr. Wignell
Col. Manly.....Mr. Hallam
Jenny.....Mr. Biddle
Dimple.....Mr. Harper
Von Ruygh.....Mr. Morris
Servant.....Mr. Lake
Charlotte Mandy.....Mrs. Morris
Martha.....Mrs. Harper
Jenny.....Miss Tukke

With few exceptions, the above names are those of the adventurous company that crossed the Atlantic in 1782, on a voyage of theatrical discovery. We need hardly say that this was the first organization devoted to the Thespian art that existed in America. For the curious reader it may be stated that the initial performance was *The Merchant of Venice*, a gratifying fact for enthusiastic Shakespeareans.

The Contrast was played four times—quite a run for those days—and proved a decided success, notwithstanding that it was sadly deficient in plot, dialogue and incident, as viewed from the modern dramatic standpoint. Its strength was in the characterization. Jonathan was the original of all the stage Yankees. Ireland says: "The character of Jonathan displayed a degree of humor and knowledge of Yankee dialect, which in the hands of Wignell caused it to be highly relished by the audience."

Royall Tyler was a wit, poet and jurist. He was born in Boston July 18, 1757; hence he was 29 when *The Contrast* was produced. His immigrating ancestor and great grandfather, Thomas Tyler, came from Bundeigh, Devonshire, England, and married Miriam, a daughter of Pilgrim Simpkins of Boston. A graduate of Harvard in 1776, Royall Tyler studied law in the office of John Adams. For a short time he served as aid to Gen. Lincoln during Shays' Rebellion in 1786. In 1790 he settled as a lawyer in Guilford, Vt., and was successful in his profession. In 1800, and for six years, he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Vermont, having previously been six years a Judge of the same court. While he was on the staff of Gen. Lincoln he was deputed by Gov. Bowdoin of Massachusetts to go to New York and make arrangements with the government of the State for the delivery of Shays and his adherents, should they escape into New York. While conducting this agency he offered his comedy to the manager of the theatre. The piece had been written during intervals in military service. It was immediately accepted and performed, with the result above described. The following year he produced *Mayday*, or *New York in an Uproar*, and in 1797, *The Georgia Spec*, or *Land in the Moon*. He published in 1799, "The Algerine Captive," a fictitious memoir, which contains a most vigorous description of the horrors of the African slave trade in a vein of cutting sarcasm; for it must be remembered that this odious traffic was then a recognized branch of commerce.

Tyler was a voluminous writer of prose and poetry, contributing to the *Farmers' Weekly Magazine* an amusing mélange of light verse and entertaining social and political squibs, from the shop of "Messrs. Colon & Spondee." Many periodicals of the day were indebted to his graceful and fertile pen for numerous contributions, which were greatly admired. He died at Brattleboro, Vt., August 18, 1826, in the 70th year of his age. His son, the Rev. Edward Royall Tyler, a Congregational clergyman, and editor of *The New Englander* newspaper, died in New Haven, Sept. 28, 1848.

—Welsh Edwards will replace C. W. Coudock next season as old man, at the Madison Square. From the boards of a down town variety establishment to the aesthetic surroundings of Steele Mackaye's bijou house—presto!

—The new opera house now in course of construction at East Saginaw, Mich., will be one of the finest in that State—in fact, in the whole Northwest.

—Fred W. Zaunig, favorably known as musical director with Aimee, Toldene and other great musical concerns, will travel next season with J. M. Hickey's Flock of Geese company.

Called Out.

The play was good, without a doubt. It made a great sensation. And so they called the author out, To get the approbation. He came on shrieking, mute and white, The picture of a felon. And to the public's wild delight He dodged a watermelon. The crowd remarked, "Twas neatly done!" And he, the author, trembled. While four big duck eggs, number one, Upon his eye assembled. He did not give them heed or care, Because his brain was loaded; But as he bowed, now here, and there, The prompter's box exploded! He took all this as Fortune's whim, While with his cuffs he trifled, But then a voice did cry to him: "The cash-box has been rifled!" This statement made him smile a leer, And he who had been clapped o'er By many hands, did disappear, Blatpheming, down a trap-door. —[Puck.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

BARNES' CIRCS: Fairfield, Iowa, 22; Muscatine 23; Iowa City 24; Des Moines 26; Atlantic 27; Avoca 28; Council Bluffs 29; Omaha, Neb., 30; Columbus 31; Cheyenne, Wyo., August 2; Boulder, Col., 3; Denver, 4, 5 and 6.

TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE, Bay City, Mich., 23; Detroit 24; Cleveland 26, 27.

HAYLER'S WIDOW BEDOTT, Eureka week of 19th; Virginia City 26, 27, 28, 29, 30; Carson City 31; San Francisco August 2d., Bush St. Theatre four weeks.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—London World: There are so many French plays which might well be called "Forbidden Fruit." It is almost a generic title. In 1869, at the Lyceum Theatre, *Forbidden Fruit* was the name bestowed upon an unsuccessful version of Mr. Augier's serious play of Paul Forester. A new comic drama, by Mr. Boucicault, now presented at the Adelphi, is also called *Forbidden Fruit*. It was originally produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, in 1876, the playbill states, and is indebted for some of the incidents to a French vaudeville. In truth, the original of Mr. Boucicault's *Forbidden Fruit* came upon the English stage as *His First Peccadillo* so long ago as the year 1848, when Mr. Maddox was the manager of the Princess' Theatre, and Miss Emma Stanley and Mr. Osberry—he was called Young Osberry in those days, to distinguish him from his father, who had only been dead twenty years—were among the leading comedians.

—Among the prominent combinations for the coming season is that of the beautiful young English actress Agnes Leonard. Her new play, *Woman's Faith*, is said to be very strong and interesting. Her manager, Frank Chapman, has engaged an excellent company for her support. The printing is all new and very attractive. She will make her first appearance in America at the Opera House, Albany, Sept. 6, Brooklyn, Sept. 13, Philadelphia Oct. 11.

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Old versus New.

[From a MIRROR Correspondent.]

A conversation with an old retired professional the other day led us off into a general view of past and present on the stage, and brought up the question as to the comparative ease and relief from study which had come with the combination and one play system, in contrast with the star system once in vogue. Among others, we mentioned Frank Chautau as being one of those best able to solve the question. I remember him when a popular star, with a repertoire embracing Life in New York, New York Fireman, Mose in California, and I think two other Mose pieces, French Spy, in which he played Mohammed, The Idiot Witness, Poor Gentleman, in which his Dr. Ollapod was an immense part; The Toodles, Robert Macaire, The Last Days of Pompei, The Debutante, where his bass-drum solo was sure to bring down the house, and probably a dozen other pieces, not forgetting his almost inimitable Jersey Clip, with imitations. For years he has done little beside Sam and Kit. The difference in mental labor must be immense, and I for one would like to have him or some other of the old stars give us a chapter from their diaries in each of the periods we have mentioned.

C. W. Coudock, now at the Madison Square Theatre, is another of the old school who would be able to tell of the hard work and patient study requisite to the successful filling of a week's engagement. Cannot THE MIRROR induce these gentlemen, or some of the others of that class, to favor its readers?

C. G. S.

Some newspaper not famous for correct amusement news, states that Haverly shipped two tons of printing to London to bill the Mastodons. The facts are that seven and a half tons of lithographs were shipped from Strobbridge, Cincinnati, and over fifteen tons of colored printing from the National Printing Company, Chicago. The whole amount sent weighed over twenty-five tons, not counting the boxes.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

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1880. SEASON. 1881.

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